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Vol. CLIX No. 2075
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
OCTOBER 28 1939

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 28, 1939

THE FIRST AIR RAID OVER SCOTLAND

A Record of the Astonishing Scenes During the German Attack on Warships in the Forth

Scotland was last week the first part of the country to experience at close hand a daylight raid by German planes. The attack was directed upon British warships lying to the east of the Forth Bridge and began with the appearance of a silver grey bomber in the neighbourhood of the Forth Bridge and a subsequent attack upon warships in the Forth. Anti-aircraft fire from land batteries and ships caused fragments of shells to fall in many parts of the city, and a number of people had narrow escapes from being hit. A tramcar was proceeding through Portobello when a piece of shrapnel smashed one of the windows on the upper deck. Pieces of shell, still warm, were picked up in suburban gardens and in streets in the centre of the city. Three pieces of shrapnel were found by an Edinburgh business man in Fettes Row. They had landed in the street, and one ricocheted off the pavement and smashed through the top half of a basement window. No one was hurt, although children were playing in the neighbourhood at the time. At Granton, where a better view of the fighting was obtained, it was fully realised that a raid was actually taking place and some women and children took shelter, but elsewhere people stood in groups to watch the activity of the batteries and the fighters. Windows were shaken, but people went on reading in the Princes Street Gardens and the courts carried on

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

A War Newsletter —No. VIII

THE MEN WHO SUPPLY THE ARMY'S NEEDS

The Quartermaster-General to His Majesty's Forces is Lt.-General Sir Walter Venning, K.C.B., C.M.G. He is a man who thinks and spends in millions. His job is to supply the British Army with everything it needs—from big guns to flea powder. In this picture, taken at the War Office, are seen Lt.-General Sir Walter Venning (seated) with Lt.-General D. S. Collins, Controller of Engineer Services, and Major-General T. S. Riddell-Webster, Deputy Quartermaster-General

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4

Wednesday, October 25, 1939.

A PLEA FROM THE TRENCHES.—

I acknowledge one or two very pleasant letters from men at the front, in reference to the Newsletter. One correspondent begs for rather less about the war and more about such things as gardens and Scotland. How I sympathise with him! I will do my best. And the Editor has taken note of his plea also and has promised to ensure that there is a regular feature that deals with *Other Things Than War* and discourses on country life and those permanent, sane things which survive the madness and bestialities of war. It was to such features in the Press that I remember to have turned gratefully in the mud and beastliness and boredom of life in Flanders in 1915 to 1919.

WAR COMES WEST.—

After six weeks of war, conducted largely on paper against France and Britain, and after the total failure of the first peace offensive or ultimatum, Hitler decreed that the Allies should get a taste of war. The first air raiders dropped bombs into British waters in the Firth of Forth, causing thirty to forty naval casualties, on October 16. One third of the attacking force failed to return. There were but four slight casualties among civilians, and the attack was principally directed on a strictly military objective. Attacks from the air followed on Scapa Flow. Results were negligible from a military viewpoint, and again the attackers lost 25 per cent. of their force. On the Western Front, clear evidence had for two weeks been growing of a large-scale German offensive against the French positions on German soil, and on the 16th, just east of the Moselle, the Germans attacked on a four-mile front. It was no major operation as they were reckoned in 1916–18. The French did not resist with "backs-to-the-wall" the pushing-in of outpost lines on the Schneeberg height and the Germans occupied Apach on French soil on the Luxembourg frontier, from which they were later ejected with loss by heavy artillery fire. Their losses were severe before and during the fighting, and there was evidence of inexperience in their junior officers which contributed to their losses. The affair was generally believed to be but a prelude to a more important attack from several points by a big concentration of troops. It came in the afternoon of the 16th on a 20-mile front east of the Saar, over ground from which the French had withdrawn all but outposts. These retired to prepared lines well in advance of the Maginot Line and on German soil. The Germans suffered heavy losses again. There is nothing discouraging to the Allies in the results of these attacks, by air and on land. On the contrary, the Allies ask nothing better than to receive frontal attacks on the Maginot Line from the Germans while still the weather makes such wasteful ventures possible, and the sooner that experience shows how expensive are long distance air attacks directed against military and other objectives, the sooner will that dreaded modern weapon become out of date. Already defence is ahead of attack in long-distance raids. The aeroplane is an essential and effective and deadly weapon only as an arm in military operations in war against an "equal" enemy. Used otherwise, it has results which increase and do not weaken the determination to resist and bring in their train retribution which strikes hardest on the nation least united in the righteousness of its cause.

THE "ROYAL OAK."

—The chivalry of war moved Mr. Churchill to take his hat off to the skill and courage of the U-boat commander who penetrated the "impregnable" defences of Scapa —taking a leaf from the book of our submarine commanders in Turkish waters in the late war— and took grievous toll of hundreds of valuable British lives, the bulk of the complement of the *Royal Oak*. How he did it is a mystery still. We may leave it to the Admiralty to ensure that it is not done again. It is obvious that the total surprise of such an attack contributed to the calamitous loss of life aboard. But in the naval war the balance remains clearly on our side and our unchallenged sea power is unaffected.

ONE MAN'S WORK.—

You may remember the picture called "Napoleon in Hell." It depicts him—a damned soul—in a ring of hate formed by the legion of mothers and wives whom he had robbed of sons and husbands. If madmen dream, Hitler, contemplating the devastation which he has brought on the world after but six weeks of his war, must see himself in Napoleon's place and the legion multiplied a hundred-fold. In these brief weeks he has brought the world's trade to a standstill and ruined scores of thousands of traders in his own, his enemies' and neutral countries. He has utterly destroyed a big nation, laid their cities waste and left them to wander homeless over the face of Europe. He has torn from their homes and possessions many thousands of his followers and believers in the Baltic provinces. He has, more or less directly, forced poor neutral nations to ruin themselves in mobilising for defence. He is fast bringing all who have looked to his leadership in the Reich to starvation. He has brought to the heart and centre of Europe the political ideology he himself most feared and loathed and he has opened every door in Europe and the Reich to dread diseases of the body and mind. The world's wealth which he has squandered and destroyed cannot, even after six weeks, be computed by the science of accountancy. He has filled the ocean beds with ships and sailors and non-combatants. His victims lie still unburied on the stricken field of Poland. He has knocked down cities as a petulant child knocks over brick castles and destroyed or rendered useless the mineral wealth he bitterly needs. Was ever one man, in the world's history, invested by a ring of hatred and detestation so large and deep and bitter? Was ever the structure of civilisation so shown up before in all its monstrous imbecility? That one man's egotism, vanity, ambition, and ruthless will could enslave and destroy the liberty and happiness, the peace and welfare, of all humanity, in an age which never ceases to boast of its enlightenment and increasing wisdom! We laugh at a flock of sheep jumping over nothing because its leader jumped. Surely the gods laugh—if there be a laugh left on Olympus—at the human flock on its foothills.

THE OLD FRONT LINE.—

The B.E.F. have been for some days in the front line, beside the same allies, facing the same foe. True, it is the old front line with a difference. The B.E.F. has side-slipped many miles from the areas where their fathers fought. But many of the features of 1915–18 are faithfully reproduced. The muddy roads, now churning up after the autumn rains, the peasants working stolidly in the misty fields among gun emplacements, lorry-parks in dripping poplar avenues, camouflage screens, muddy mule-lines, duckboards, dumps and *patronnes* of shoddy *estaminets* retailing bilingual jokes and even thinner beer and red wine. . . "We see it all so plainly as we saw it long ago." Long ago? Long enough, at least, for the grass to have grown green and thick over the concrete of the Maginot Line which was devised to prevent any recurrence of the devastation of 1914–18. In the battles of those days, the fathers of the B.E.F. of to-day fought indeed amid old battlefields, but these were old indeed. Crécy, Agincourt, Péronne, Arras, Waterloo, these were of the dim or nearly dim past. To-day it is different. The Allies and their enemy dig their trenches and emplacements beside the cairns and crosses which mark the graves

ONE THOUSAND PARENTS ATTEND THE WAR'S BIGGEST EVACUATION PARTY

Nearly 1,000 London parents from Tottenham went by coach on Sunday last to see their evacuated children at Saffron Walden, Essex. They were invited by the Mayor, and with them were their host, the Deputy-Mayor and the two Tottenham M.P.s. The party was met by Saffron Walden's brass band; and later a meeting was held to discuss the mutual problems of evacuation and billeting. This picture—typical of many—shows the reunion of some of the children and their parents outside the town hall

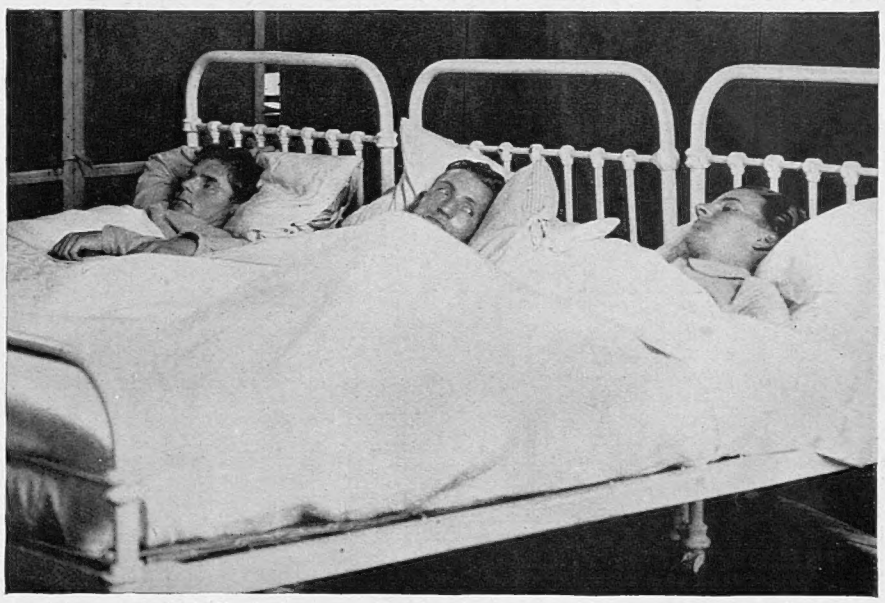
of their fathers and the limits of advance in the battles of only one generation ago. Friend and foe, they all will have a constant and vivid reminder of the imbecility of war which one man has thrust upon them and it is at the back of my mind that, before many weeks are gone by (perhaps by the time that the interlude of fellowship and sanity, which Christmas still brings, comes round), the soldiers of all the combatants will have reached one point of perfect unanimity—that the sole cause of that monstrous and outrageous imbecility must be removed. It is a large but not an absurd hope. The monuments which to-day cover acres of Germany and France point Heavenwards a finger of warning to humanity that man was created to be wiser than the beasts and, born free, was not meant to live and die in fetters. "Wishful thinking," I suppose.

COLONEL LINDBERGH.—Colonel Lindbergh's attack on Canada, his advice to Canada, his advice to the United States and the logical implications of that advice raised quite a storm in America, disgust in Canada, and mild surprise over here. I had just been reading his name in an illustrious diary with a reference to "this charming, modest young man" who had just flown the Atlantic. Since then his head has been turned indeed. Any head might be turned by the monstrosities of war, and a flood of nonsense and hot air is discharged every hour of every day. But Colonel Lindbergh had a reputation for sanity, restraint and judgment. As Senator Pittman said, Colonel Lindbergh knows more about flying than about statecraft and politico-military affairs. Certainly, he nowadays seems to keep his head in the stars, whether flying or standing on *terra firma*. Last week, his speech betrayed him as an ass with a giraffe's neck; but no doubt there are excuses for him. Even strong minds catch the contagion of war insanity. Next time he grows tired of the States, he will look for hospitality outside the British Empire.

EVACUATION: FACTS, NOT GROUSES.—The Government's evacuation plan depended for its success, as no doubt was anticipated, on the goodwill of a majority. In all voluntary systems adopted in a great nation, a majority will carry a plan to initial success. What has happened in my village has happened all over Britain: the decent folk have enabled the Government plan to work—for a time. The selfish and unpatriotic minority has got off scot-free. But the resultant broad success does not make the plan a good one or even the best possible. It is proved that the housewife is out of pocket by every child she houses. 8s. 6d. a head is not enough: 12s. 6d. would be nearer the mark. It is a question first of what can be bought in the area, and second, of what the housewife normally offers to her family or servants. She cannot run three menus, or two. If she could buy what the children normally eat in peace-time in London, no doubt she could go nearer to save her pocket. But fish and chip shops, at pre-war prices, don't flourish in our village. The children must eat what her children eat. Meanwhile, the winter draws on, the epidemics are beginning, and nothing yet has been done to cope with the probabilities of winter. Half a dozen empty country houses stand empty. Each would house a unit of fifty, with teachers; and catered for in bulk, these units could be well fed at a figure well below 8s. 6d. a head, as has been proved. But there is no authority with the warrant, and with the resources available to equip them. And there are no adequate isolation or sickness facilities, or the required "fully trained nurses" to take charge of them. The patriotic housewife sees herself, therefore, for the duration with her house full of refugees and not a bed to spare to any relation or friend of her own for even one night's visit. She must continue to subsidise the feeding of each child out of her own pocket. She must be prepared to nurse them in illness and somehow to isolate them in contagious illness. And her next-door neighbour, who treated the first batch rough, laughs in her sleeve and leads her normal life. It is not a very thoroughly worked-out scheme. Admirable in a dry and warm September, with goodwill assured in the reception area. Doomed to tragedy, injustice, and suffering in winter, however constant the goodwill of the majority.

TRIBUTE TO THE ENEMY

With full military honours, the two German airmen who were killed in the raid on the Firth of Forth a few days ago were buried at Portobello Cemetery. One of the coffins, draped with the Nazi emblem, is seen being borne to the graveside. Many R.A.F. units in Scotland and England were represented and among the officers attending were a number of those who had actually taken part in the aerial battle



THE FIRST NAZI PRISONERS OF WAR IN BRITAIN

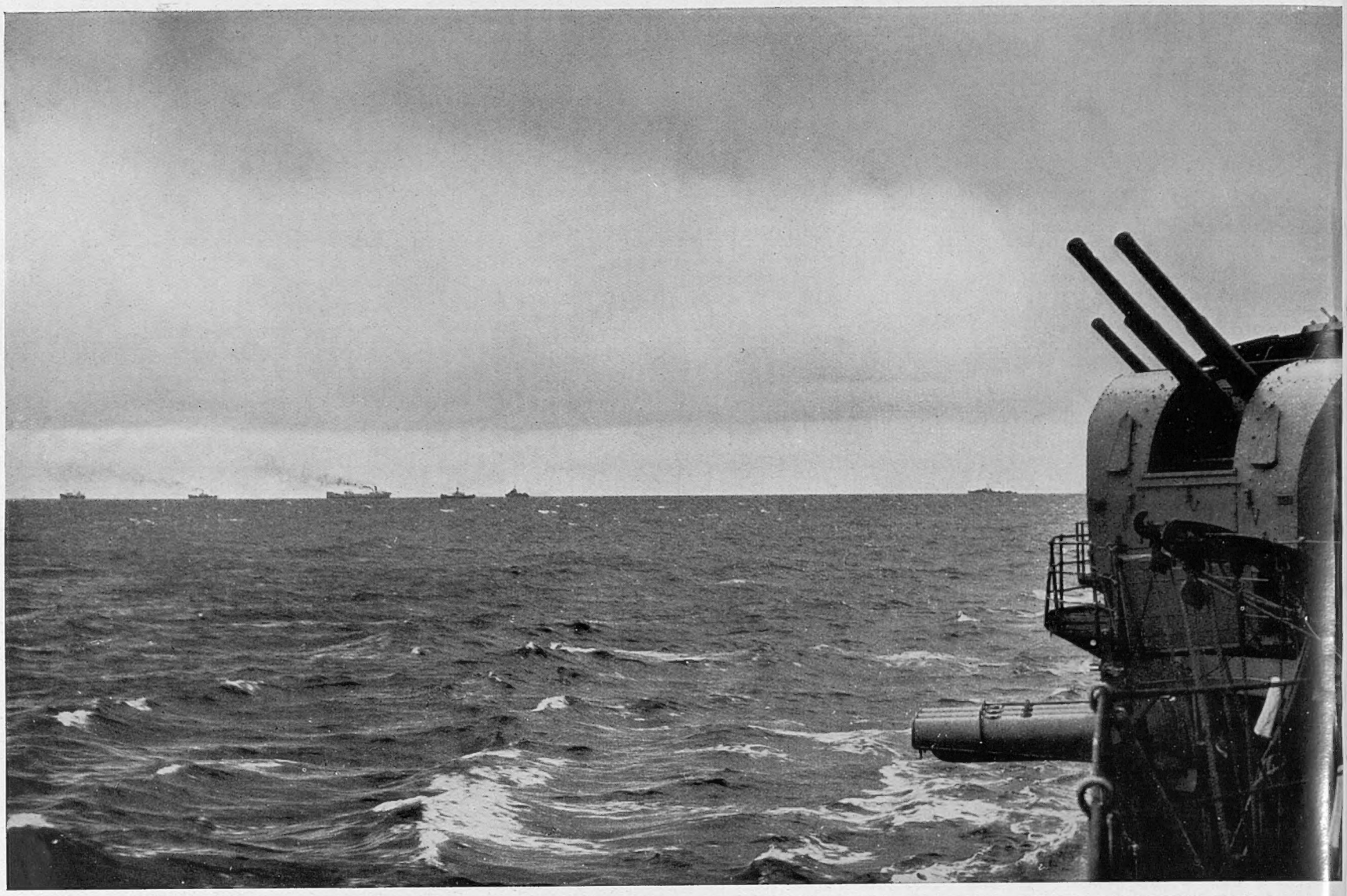
Now in a British military hospital, these three men were members of the crew of a German bomber which was shot down over Scotland in the raid on the Firth of Forth

FIFTY-FIFTY?—There seems some evidence that the Board of Education realises, rather late in the day, the problems and perhaps the tragedies which Sir John Anderson and Mr. Elliot have refused to see. From the days of Munich the need of concentrating the evacuated children in empty houses in the reception areas and in new buildings on "camps" principles has been urged repeatedly. Big houses still remain empty; the camps policy has been pursued not half-heartedly but childishly. The whole woman power of the countryside in reception areas continues to be dissipated and its goodwill discouraged by house-to-house billeting. As a result, even before winter problems had arisen, the London teachers in many areas failed in their objective; thousands of children have been called back by their parents, country children have been frozen out, and the children of the middle and upper classes have been left as war victims, without educational facilities and robbed of the attention they might expect from their overworked mothers. Local authorities are powerless without more definite leading from London to repair the damage done. The London teachers clamour to have the children collected together under their eyes with the obvious benefits already sketched (benefits to the children's health, happiness, discipline and education) and many housewives have reached a point of exasperation which is near apathy. They await the coming of winter. Meanwhile, while they are tied perpetually to their houses, slaving for the evacuees, the parents of these evacuees come down on them like bees every week-end in organised "luxury cruises" of massed relations and friends and are quite prepared to spend £3 on such week-end jaunts, which unsettle their children and lead to entreaties to be allowed to return to London.

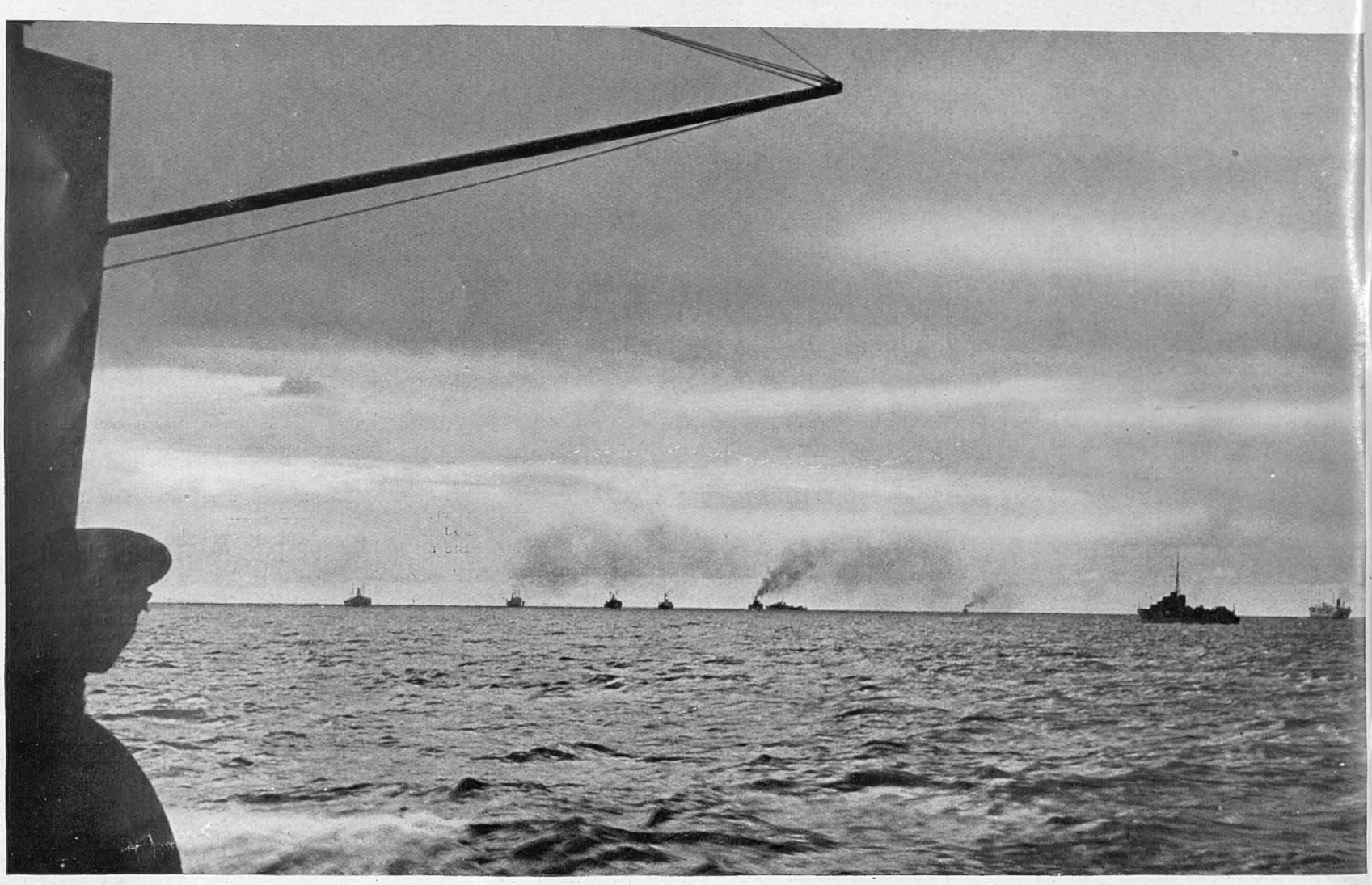
LITTER FIENDS.—Even this remote country area in which I live is war-scarred. Its lanes are knee-deep in snow, the snows of waste paper. It is almost unbelievable that 300 London children could have found the material in a few weeks to cover, nay, to block, our lanes so effectively. We well understood before war their penchant for leaving litter about. The morrow of bank holidays dawning on our commons and beauty-spots told us what to expect, but we hoped their teachers might find time in the country to avert the worst of the devastation they are causing. It may be that they suppose that anti-litter campaigns have no place in war. It may be they have taken note of Government policy. In the past years it gave its approval (and even a little money) to the anti-litter campaign. But since the war (perhaps the teachers argue) it has clearly revoked the ban on litter by itself causing 18,000,000 pieces of waste paper to be dropped on the fair face of Germany. National unity, loyalty and patriotism and a determination to win the war, does not in a democratic country deny us the right mildly to chaff our Government. None the less, we can fight litter while we fight Nazism, and decency and a clean countryside need not weaken our supreme effort.

PETROL: WHERE DID IT GO?—When I filled up the fuel officer's form of request for an extra ration, I was able to show him that my peace-time expenditure of petrol per month on my moderate-sized Vauxhall car was 50 gallons. I was also able to demonstrate that, after completing our war service commitments for the month, the ordinary monthly war ration allowed us half a gallon for the month for urgent journeys, for visits to our market town, for taking our children to classes, and all and every other "peace-time" need. So he gave me two or three extra gallons, which is all I need at the price of petrol, etc., to-day. But the point I would make is—where did those 50 gallons per month go? I hate joy-riding, I loathe going out to luncheon or dinner or tea. I neither visit nor tour. Yet in peace we always used eight times as much petrol as we use to-day on essential jobs. Odd, isn't it? Perhaps, nay surely, we shall take one lesson at least from this war.

THE OLD STAGER



THE FLEET OF MERCHANT VESSELS PROCEED ON THEIR JOURNEY GUARDED BY BRITISH WARSHIPS: IN THE FOREGROUND ARE THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS AND TORPEDO TUBES OF ONE OF THE BRITISH CRUISERS IN THE NAVAL ESCORT IN THE "READY" POSITION



FROM THE DECK OF ONE OF THE NAVAL ESCORT WARSHIPS: THE MERCHANTMEN IN THE NORTH SEA PROCEED SAFELY ON THEIR WAY

The Admiralty and the Ministry of Information have released for publication the striking pictures reproduced above. They show—better than any pictures yet published in this country—how the convoy system of the British Navy is being operated in the North Sea and how the submarine and aeroplane (twin raiders of shipping) are being beaten on the high seas, thanks to the invincibility of the Navy. During the past weeks a number of merchant ships have been sunk by the German submarines now at large in the Atlantic; but in the very great majority of cases none of the doomed vessels had reached the point where escorts were to meet them, nor had they been given the defensive armaments which awaited them on arrival at their respective destinations. From this it is apparent that U-boats are being forced to seek their prey in more distant areas. As with the submarine, so with the aeroplane. Twelve German warplanes recently swooped down on a convoy under naval escort. It was the first experiment in air attack on a ship convoy—and it ended in swift disaster for the attackers. They were met by intense gunfire from the escorting warships and at the same time were attacked by R.A.F. fighters. At least three enemy aircraft were brought down, and a fourth raider was forced to land on the sea. Our aircraft sustained no casualties; and no ship of the convoy or escort was damaged!

THE CONVOY SYSTEM of the BRITISH NAVY at WORK

The First Pictures Released by the Admiralty to Show How Raiding Submarines and Aircraft Are Being Beaten by the Navy in the North Sea

A PICTURE WHICH DEMONSTRATES BRITAIN'S NAVAL SUPREMACY ON THE HIGH SEAS—BRITISH WARSHIPS, WITH GUNS READY FOR INSTANT ACTION, PROVIDE AN INVINCIBLE GUARD FOR THE MERCHANT VESSELS UNDER CONVOY TO AND FROM THIS COUNTRY

THE KING and QUEEN are MORE ACTIVE THAN EVER

Pictures of the Royal Tour of the Barrage Units : And the Queen's Working Party at the Palace

THE KING FINDS OUT FOR HIMSELF

Like most of us, the King wants to know how thick and how strong the wires of the balloon barrage really are. He had an opportunity of learning this a few days ago when he carried out a tour of the localities where balloon units are situated

THE QUEEN FINDS OUT FOR HERSELF

Unlike the King, the Queen was more interested in the texture of the balloon fabric. She, too, had an opportunity of carrying out her own researches when she accompanied the King on his tour of inspection. Many widely scattered units were visited during the tour

THE ROYAL VISIT TO AUSTRALIA HOUSE IN THE STRAND

The King and Queen have just paid a visit to the Strand for the purpose of inspecting the work of the Australian Women's Voluntary Organisation. Here they are seen chatting with Lady McCann (wife of the Agent-General and Trade Commissioner for South Australia) in the committee room of the Organisation

THE KING AND QUEEN AT NEW ZEALAND HOUSE

Continuing their tour of Dominion offices on the second day of their itinerary, Their Majesties visited New Zealand House. Here they are seen leaving the sandbagged entrance at the conclusion of their inspection. Other offices visited were those of South Africa and India

THE QUEEN'S BI-WEEKLY "SEWING BEE" IN A BUCKINGHAM PALACE DRAWING ROOM

Twice a week, in the Blue Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace, the Queen presides at a "sewing bee." The Queen's working party on these occasions consists of members of the Palace household staff and the wives of employees at the Royal Mews; they work at trestle tables on the preparation of garments and surgical dressings for the Red Cross. The Blue Drawing Room is one of the most beautiful of all the State apartments and was originally Queen Victoria's ballroom; through the long french windows one catches fine glimpses of the Palace grounds. Amongst the Queen's helpers at these "bees" are Lady Hyde (lady-in-waiting), Mrs. Ferguson (Palace housekeeper), Mrs. Jerram (wife of the King's valet), Mrs. Smith (wife of the Queen's page), Mrs. Combes (wife of the Palace superintendent), Mrs. Coles (head gardener's wife), Mrs. Hurle (wife of the King's chauffeur), and a number of others

THE QUEEN INSPECTS A DUG-OUT DURING THE ROYAL TOUR OF LONDON'S BALLOON BARRAGE UNITS

The Royal visit to the various balloon barrage sites was in the nature of a surprise; and at many units the ordinary everyday tasks were being carried out. High officers explained to the King that experiments which have been carried out by the R.A.F. have shown that any enemy aircraft attempting to get through the barrage would meet with very unpleasant surprises. The King was told that important developments have recently taken place in the technique of making the barrage even more effective

THE STRATEGY OF THE WAR—No. V

A Week-by-Week Commentary on the Military Situation

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

SINCE my last article many things have happened. We now have our military correspondents with our Forces in France and we are getting a much better picture of the situation, and we now know definitely that our Forces are holding a position in the Line, and are, as we know well, in very good heart. I said last week that I did not think that either side would be rash enough to launch a really big offensive at the other, and I am quite sure that General Gamelin has no such idea. He is far too wise. He has bitten off quite a good bit of German territory, probably prompted at the outset by the desire to be a nuisance to the Germans in their offensive against Poland and also to secure certain important positions so as to make any German offensive more difficult. Having done that the French were only too glad to leave certain outpost positions in front and to make themselves completely secure in defensive positions behind. . .

This strategy seems, at the moment, to have been thoroughly successful. It has enticed the Germans to make two quite unsuccessful attacks, one on a four-mile front and one on a twenty-mile front and to have resulted in some 7,000 casualties to the Germans with very little loss to the French. Neither German attack can be considered of any magnitude, and the latest reports seem to indicate that Hitler is bringing up more reinforcements presumably to make further attacks. I cannot myself believe that Hitler and his military advisers will continue to make these minor offensives against the Allies. Nothing could be more welcome from the Allies' point of view. They can take him nowhere and must entail severe casualties. Is he attacking now because he cannot afford to wait and must do something?

From the Allies' point of view the best thing Hitler can do is to stage a really big offensive on the Maginot Line and then spend the oncoming winter looking at it. He has, in my opinion, not a hope of taking it, and a severe winter looking at it would break the heart of most people, even Germans. It is now reported that Hitler has massed some 800,000 troops between the Moselle and the Rhine and is prepared to lose a million men in forcing the Maginot Line. I wonder? As I said last week, the Allied "eyes" have got him. He can effect no surprise. He can never break through by brute force. The defence is too strong and will only welcome his attempt.

From accounts of our observers and from my personal knowledge, obtained from one of our senior Commanders who has recently visited the Maginot Line, I have no doubt whatever of the result of any operations directed against it. In my opinion no effort should be spared to entice Hitler to attack it. The losses which he will incur will be the biggest factor in bringing home to the German people the folly on which they are engaged. The idea of a frontal attack on the Maginot Line is, in my opinion, sheer madness. Will he then try to go round the corner? He may, but the element of surprise no longer exists as in 1914.

The more I study this problem the more certain I am that these vast hordes of German troops of which we hear are condemned to failure. They cannot succeed frontally, and they will not succeed round the corner by violating the neutrality of other countries. If this is so, where does Hitler turn?

Granted that he can boast of having sunk the *Courageous* and *Royal Oak*, and we give full marks to the U-boat commander for his great daring at Scapa Flow, but on balance, in view of the loss of U-boats and of some 350,000 tons of merchant shipping to Germany, one can hardly argue that the advantage on the high seas is with Germany.

As regards the air, the German prisoners themselves admit that our airmen and planes have the pace of theirs, and that is a race in which pace, petrol, and pluck will leave us with no fear. . . We then turn to study Hitler himself. Sir Nevile Henderson, with whom I dealt very closely in Constantinople and who is a great friend of mine, has told us of his final dealings with Hitler. It all gives one the impression of an unbalanced mind. At one moment reasonable, the next doubtful of his position, the next, wild and unreasonable, carried away by his own lust for power.

It is interesting to try to follow his mind when he decided to pal up with Stalin. Judging from his recent utterances regarding the complete inferiority of the Poles, it is difficult to understand why he did not feel competent to subdue the Poles on his own. To proclaim as a friend one for whom he had done nothing but express contempt certainly startled the world, and none more so than Italy, Spain, and Japan. All went well for a time until the Russians advanced so fast, without opposition, that they placed themselves between Germany and Rumania and took over control of the Baltic States, just day by day, and left Hitler as an "also ran." It may be that the white line which Hitler and Stalin have marked out through Poland may turn out to be a future bone of contention.

As I write, the good news comes from Turkey. In a former article I said that I was sure that my friend Ismet would not fail us. I was confident from the first that he would not. The head of the Turkish Mission now in London, General D'Orbay, was in the Turkish War Office in Constantinople when I was in command there. He was a friend of England even then, and he speaks English very well. Hearing on the wireless that the pact between Great Britain, France and Turkey had been signed brought back many memories to me. On the night of October 11, 1922, within seventy-five minutes of my order to open fire on the Turks at Chanak and commit England to war with Turkey, I signed, together with the French and Italian Generals under my command, a pact with Ismet Pasha, now President of Turkey. That pact avoided war.

It was signed after a very difficult period which at last came down to one point, namely the perimeter which I had been instructed by His Majesty's Government to insist on, as a safety area around Chanak. All seemed hopeless and the minutes were passing when suddenly General Ismet Pasha exclaimed "J'accepte." Peace had been preserved and we sat for fifteen hours during that night whilst our agreement was translated into five different languages and eventually signed at 7.15 a.m. next morning.

I was blamed in many quarters for not committing our country to war with Turkey. Mr. Lloyd George's Government fell over that issue. I must be pardoned if I refer to that incident. As I left Turkey I received a personal letter from General Ismet Pasha saying that their one desire was to be friends with England. I have kept in touch with Ismet ever since, who always signs himself as "Your comrade of Mudania," and I have heard from him since he became President in place of the late President Ataturk. We established a friendship that night which will always be treasured by me.

If that pact and friendship has in any way contributed to the happy pact signed with Turkey I am more than satisfied. I like to picture both Generals Wavell and Weygand in Ankara. The former had command of a brigade under me at Aldershot when I was Commander-in-Chief there and for whom I have the greatest admiration, and General Weygand I knew well when he was right-hand man to Marshal Foch, when I was Deputy C.I.G.S. to the late Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson. General Weygand is a very remarkable man.

It is also pleasing to hear that Finland has stood firm and that the Scandinavian Powers are so united and that their respective Kings have met in conference. Finland is justly grateful to President Roosevelt for his assistance in a very delicate situation. One can but be sorry for the thousands of Germans who have been forcibly uprooted from their homes in the Baltic States and who have to find new ones in Poland. Stories of their sufferings do not point to contentment in their new surroundings. In a recent letter to *The Times*, Lord Halifax wrote on our Toc H doctrine of "to conquer hate." As a brother President of Toc H with Lord Halifax I would endorse his plea for unselfish service at this time. I have been connected with the movement ever since its start in the Second Army at Poperinghe in Flanders, under Lord Plumer, and I know what has been done throughout the Empire since.

I see that one military correspondent has raised the question as to whether Hitler is likely to use gas. Personally I do not think that he will, at any rate until he is driven to desperation, when he may do anything. With winter coming on and the difficulties of the mud and wind at this time of year, I do not think the doubtful result would be considered worth it. That is only judging from experience in the mud of Flanders. It is true that the Germans did effect a surprise with gas against the Canadians at Ypres in 1915 but that was the only occasion when it was really effective. Since that time we have no reason to suppose that our scientists are in any way behind the Germans in the study of this question.

Although bad weather is for the moment holding up operations both by land and air, yet there are definite signs that when it clears again we may expect operations on a greater scale than those which have been experienced up to the present. It is hoped and thought that Hitler will, at any rate for the present, confine his raids to military objectives, ships, docks, arsenals, air bases, etc., but there is no certainty and there may quite likely come a time, as at Warsaw, when he removes all restrictions. It will be the act of a desperate man when he does. It will also be a signal of distress before he founders.

BRINGING BACK THE PACK-HORSE

These two interesting pictures were taken "somewhere in England" during pack-horse transport exercises designed to demonstrate how horses can operate across territory impassable to motor transport. Over rough ground, the horses can travel at 4 m.p.h., their normal load being from 100 to 240 lb. The loads transported on these occasions include ammunition, barbed wire, rations, petrol, clothing, and personnel (two men). Camouflaging of the animals is one of the vital parts of the training

Each day shows the intentions of the French and British to increase production and, as I said in a previous article, "Petrol, oil, and workshops" will be the deciding factor in the field. Only one side wins that race. I am always of opinion that in studying any military problem one must put oneself in the position of one's enemy and try to see it as he sees it. If one applies that to Hitler to-day what can be passing through his brain?

On the debit side he seems to have lost the confidence of Italy, Spain, Japan and now Turkey and many of the Balkan States. He certainly picked up a new friend but he evidently cannot rely on him too much as the first thing that he did was to cut him off from Rumania and the second thing he did was to pinch naval and air bases in all the Baltic States. Added to this he is losing thousands of tons of goods daily which he wants and which he cannot replace, and he certainly hasn't as many U-boats and aeroplanes as he had, and it must be unpleasant to realise that his planes are not as fast as those of the Allies, and that probably his fuel is not as good.

AU REVOIR TO JACK AND JILL AS THE MECHANISED HORSEMEN LEAVE FOR FRANCE

Specially drawn for "The Sphere" by F. Matania

Once upon a time the field artillery galloped into action with their gallant steeds swinging the guns into position. That day has gone and the caterpillar tractor now does the work. But the horse has by no means vanished from the scene; and at barracks all over the country there are scores of fine beasts to be seen hauling guns and other material where short distance work makes them a useful and economic arm. Though sad to leave them, the gunners are glad that their barrack friends are no longer to face the dangers of a barrage

THE THREAT TO SCANDINAVIA

A Return to the Three Kingdoms of the North After Twenty-five Years

By NEGLEY FARSON

IN THE CAPITAL OF THE LEADING PARTNER OF SCANDINAVIA

Scandinavia looks to Sweden for a lead in the state of tension which has arisen north of the Baltic. Stockholm concentrates within itself much of the culture and intelligence of this likeable people, who speak English with an easy grace

IT was not an altogether pleasant experience to come to Scandinavia twenty-five years later and put up in the same hotel, in almost the same room, that I had occupied at the outbreak of the last war. But it was not only I who had changed. At first I put it down to advancing age; this absence of enthusiasm, excitement, even gaiety that I failed to find in the scene now around me. The last time I had been here, in 1914, they were drinking champagne at 11 o'clock in the morning. But then, they were war profiteers, soon to have a dizzy spin that only millions could bring them, then die like white ants in the two financial crises that followed, almost like retribution, on the heels of the Armistice.

Their life-span had been short. Some were forgotten. The fate of others was obscure. "I don't know—he's just dropped out of sight." Of one, they said: "Oh, he's still sueing the United States Government for 12,000,000 dollars that he will never get!" They said it with a grin.

Then flashed upon me the one thing that has impressed me most this time in Scandinavia. To put it simply, these people up here are not excited about how to make money out of this war. On the contrary, a capsule criticism of the Scandinavian mood these days would be to say that it is morose, fed up, feels its sanity sold out somehow by the madness of Europe, and is bitterly determined, at all costs, to keep out of this war. Expressed philosophically, that humour is all voiced in the current Danish joke:

"I don't mind, so long as it spares myself, my wife, and my little Hassan with the crooked leg . . ."

There's a nice wry wit in that. It expresses the Dane's own dismay at his exposed geographical position, the weakest military force in all Europe, his knowledge that it would be suicide to offend either of the big Power *blocs*, the more gloomy certainty that if either one came to help him against the other it would only turn his own 500 peaceful islands into a bloody international battle-field—it also voices justifiable Scandinavian contempt for the way the world is run outside of these three persistently-perfect neutral states.

Neutrality, for the Scandinavians, means that they will have to stomach a lot of things. And we British, *and* Americans, have had enough experience in the Far East to know how much can be stomached—without, we hope fervently, too much loss of face? Therefore, do not underrate Scandinavian Press, or Government reaction when, say, such a ship as the Danish *Vendia*—proceeding empty, for a cargo of coal from England—is sunk without warning by a German submarine.

Oslo is a fine city, often exhilarating, with its sun-filled streets under flawless blue skies—but Bergen is the Norwegian city that stirs your heart. Walking along its quays, between the unexpected plaques of blue water, and the high, narrow warehouses with their wedge-shaped Hanseatic roofs, I passed the flags and funnels of all the world. But there seemed too many Norwegian ships without any steam up!

"Ah!" grunted a ship-owner, "we have to! War risk insurance, and the extortionate demands of the Seamen's Union. You know," he said, with a rueful smile, "the Union is demanding a general, all-round 200 per cent. increase in wages. Some special classes, such as the stokers, want 500 per cent.—even asking 5,000 kroner for a single voyage on some runs. What do you think of that?" "I don't blame them," I said; "it's they who will get it in the neck if a ship is torpedoed."

He looked at me steadily. "Neither do I," he said positively. "You know what they say?—they say it is we who made the big fortunes during the last war—and now *they* want to get in on it." Sensible, of course. But it was a change, particularly from the last war, not to hear a stiff-necked business tycoon declare that the world was going straight to hell, just because his employees refused to work until they got a 200 per cent. jump in wages.

Many Norwegian ships were lying without steam up for just these reasons. And then, the Norwegians were taking the more expensive and modern ships off some of the runs and replacing them with older ones. The beautiful *Venus* and *Vega*, for example, had just been taken off the Bergen–Newcastle run, and replaced by the little *Leda*.

I came across in the *Leda*. Several things impressed me. The first was that, although we were a neutral Norwegian ship, we ran without lights, in an entire black-out—"Yust like the enemy!" as one Swedish mannequin put it. Why?—only the Captain knew that. The next was that while I was watching the lights of a ship they disappeared. (She had been sunk, the pilot told us the next afternoon.)

Next—two hours off the coast of Norway—was the materialisation of a big black monoplane out of the grey sky. She circled (some people thought ominously), and we could see the observer's head peering down out of the cockpit. Probably looking at the huge Norwegian flags that had been stretched over our fore and aft hatch covers. Then she straightened out and went off over the expanse of grey waves to look for, shall we say, other fish to fry. Whether she was British or German we shall never know, for none of us could see any marks on her.

This gave the thoughtful members of our boat some idea how laughably small the North Sea had now become. Grimly small to the Norwegians; in Bergen they told me that only a couple of weeks before the war twenty British service aeroplanes had landed only a few miles outside the city in a terrific rainstorm. And the people had just watched the funeral of three British airmen who had crashed in a fog against Bergen's mountain.

"The North Sea's nothing but a lake now!" declared the Norwegians bitterly.

The world has become dangerously small That is not an original thought. But it is foremost in the Scandinavians' mind to-day, particularly the Norwegians'. It robs them of a choice.

"You know where our hearts lie!" was a statement I heard everywhere. But it was usually accompanied by the after-thought: "But the Germans say they will only respect our neutrality if we remain *complete* neutrals—they demand that they get the same amount of goods from us that they got in 1938. And, my dear sir, they will get it!"

They won't, of course. The Norwegians themselves assert that they think Britain has at least a 90 per cent. control over the North Sea. That is, so far as the blockade of surface craft is concerned. But it doesn't do any harm to be heard *talking* that way about neutrality—even if it isn't going to happen.

It is talking about the blockade that you get, perhaps, the clearest insight into Scandinavian feelings. In their hearts, they do not hold it against Britain for the hold-up or search of their ships to maintain the blockade. At any rate, I did not hear them complain about it. I was on a Swedish ship that tried to run the blockade during the last war—and you should have heard the Scandinavian curses as we were escorted into Kirkwall!

I don't see how it is possible for anyone not to love, and admire, these three northern countries. Nor not to admit that in them man has reached a higher point of peace, and perhaps kindness towards his fellow

THE THREE KINGDOMS OF SCANDINAVIA—SWEDEN, NORWAY AND DENMARK

Within the scope of this map lies much of the vitally affected territory of Scandinavia. Norway has her mountain barrier. Stockholm, away to the north-east, is more exposed. Copenhagen lies close to the mainland of Sweden

NORWAY'S VERY UP-TO-DATE CAPITAL—LOOKING UP TO THE PALACE AT OSLO

Oslo lies at the head of the long Kristianla fjord and is connected by rail with Bergen. A busy, bright capital city, where many modern buildings have been erected within recent years

man—certainly so far as social services are concerned—than anywhere in the world. Sweden and Norway have not known a war for over 100 years.

And anyone who knows anything about the ten years of Geneva fiasco, or any of the international commissions that sprang up after the world war—whose unbroken run of failures have let us in for this present one—anyone who knows anything at all about those shabby swindles also knows that it was invariably the Scandinavian member of the committee who stood out bitterly for the principles of abstract justice. Usually alone.

I admit it, I love these countries. And with reason. When the pilot came out to us in his flat-decked white boat off Stavanger, I knew some of the things I should soon see—or remember.

The unbelievable green of the fields, after the grey North Sea, lying in the folds of Norway's mauve mountains. The modesty of the neat little white farms, their red roofs. We would pass so close to some small sea-towns in the fjord that we could call to the ships lying at their wharves, their masts and funnels inextricably confused with painted rooftops.

The bronze pine forests and plaques of fallen blue sky that are the lakes of Sweden. Copenhagen, where the harbour wanders into the city. This charming little capital whose coppery green spires are the first thing that greet you from the air, where the yellow of fresh pine masts flashes in the sun before the Bourse. The Bourse, by the way, is one of the most intoxicating structures in Europe. Its ancient bricks are a salmon pink. Its spire is made of four copper dragons, their heads glaring at you from the base, their tails inter-twisted—like the hairs of a sergeant-major's moustache—until they are one sharp green point against the blue sky.

And, for at least the memory of contentment, I shall never want to forget a lazy summer I spent along the Gulf of Finland. Lying under the scented pines, staring across the shallow water, to where the guns of Kronstadt were still smoking from a successful revolution.

Finland! Kronstadt! Revolution!

Those are not mere sloppy, emotional writing those exclamation marks! For Finland must be included in the Scandinavian *bloc* these days. And Finland has brought her own troubles with her.

The reappearance of Russia as a Baltic Power has doubled Scandinavian apprehensions. It has revived the ancient fears of Sweden, who, long before the last war, built her longitudinal railroads forty miles inland from the Baltic, so that they should be protected from Russian invasion. The strongest fortress in Sweden is Boden, in the north, with walls of natural stone twenty feet thick—put there to guard against a Russian invasion via Finland.

Going up by that fort, in 1914, a Swedish officer told me that the mess used to drink a bottle of Svenska Punsch for every 1,000 Russians the Germans captured: "But we had to give it up—or else we would never have been sober!"

In the last war, Sweden (like the U.S.A.) had a large minority in the population that was, to put it mildly, German-minded. To-day Sweden is looked up to as the foremost Scandinavian country to stand up, and be able to, against unrestricted German submarine warfare.

On the week-end of October 1, a Swedish coastguard aeroplane came on a German yacht trying to force a Swedish ship out beyond the 3-mile limit into international Baltic waters. The aeroplane fired on it. There were three cases of German violation of Swedish neutrality within two days. The next day Sweden officially announced that she was going to convoy all her own ships within her own territorial waters.

I think the Finns would fight to the last man before they would again submit to Russian domination. I was in Helsingfors the day the Russian sailors hitched ropes to the statue of Skobeloff and dragged it, and its bronze Romanoff eagles, through the April snows. In all the Revolution I had seen no sight so stirring as this Finnish frenzy of patriotism when they were at last free, they thought, from the yoke of Russia. Last summer Finns of all social strata, from workmen to professors, and typists to comfortable housewives (very often one and the same in these sensible countries of Scandinavia), donated their vacations to building voluntary fortifications along the Russian frontier.

Finnish fears have been revived again. Almost simultaneous with their world-shocking rush into gallant Poland to re-occupy the previous territory held by Tsardom, the Bolsheviks have imposed quick treaties upon Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, giving Russia once again important naval bases upon the Baltic, with the right to establish airports in all the three countries.

It is said the Soviets want the Finnish island of Hogland, in order to protect their naval base at Kronstadt. They have invited Finland to go to Moscow to discuss politics. As I write the Finnish Foreign Minister has just refused. But by the time this is printed he might have gone—so also might the island of Hogland. Although my bet is that the Finns will put up a stiff fight, even if it does not come to blows, before they will surrender it.

FINLAND IS PART OF SCANDINAVIA NOWADAYS

Here in the centre of Helsinki (Helsingfors) you can have a delightful open-air snack and look across to the square mass of the dignified Parliament building

MODERNITY IS THE NOTE OF THE BUILDINGS OF HELSINKI

Although the Finns revere the ancient traditions of their land, they at the same time are extremely modern-spirited in public life and its architectural expressions. Witness the clock tower and barrel-vaulted end to the main railway station

Now that the Soviets have abandoned their foreign policy of no annexations, and presumably resumed the Russian Imperialistic programme, who can tell where they will stop? Denmark is the only Scandinavian country that can consider itself absolutely unmenaced by Russian ambitions.

But then, look at Denmark's position; geographically, this highly-civilised little country, whose people are the best-fed, the least poverty-stricken, and, so far as social services are concerned, the best looked-after people in Europe, is an appendix of Germany. They call Denmark "Europe's larder." But that is not a comfortable appellation to bear—not when you are so close to a powerful neighbour, who is very, very hungry.

That's why I put exclamation marks after those names. It makes Scandinavian ears prick up to-day when you mention them. Even Norway, ostensibly safe from Russia because of her location and high mountain range, has a Russian bogy. It is the old, old Tsarist ambition to reach across the north of Lapland, and seize an ice-free port on Norway's north Atlantic coast.

When you see Denmark's position, you also see the good sense of its foreign policy. This, since 1870, has been to be the persistent neutral at all costs—and allow nothing to place her in a situation where she offends Germany. There was a strong move in Denmark, not altogether dead, to try to get Denmark's neutrality guaranteed by the Powers—and be a northern Switzerland.

These are good facts to have in mind when reading about Baltic and Scandinavian happenings these days. They say the Man-in-the-Street in Oslo, Copenhagen, Stockholm—and possibly Helsinki—is not cynical-minded enough to be capable of crediting Nazi Germany, and now Soviet Russia, with their own cynicism. I doubt it. If there is one thing that Scandinavia is to-day, it is *not* a fool's paradise.

DENMARK'S PROBLEM: ONE OF THE BUSY QUAYSIDES AT COPENHAGEN—NOW MUCH DISTURBED BY BLOCKADE DIFFICULTIES

Denmark, although maintaining a strict neutrality, is not feeling easy about the war situation. She is a well-stocked larder and realises the dangers that this signifies

PROOF OF BRITAIN'S DETERMINATION NOT TO SUFFER AN ARMAMENT SHORTAGE

In addition to the regular munitions works, now at peak capacity production, hundreds of factories in all parts of the country have been turned over to the production of armaments for Britain's Army, Navy and Air Force. Thus the forces are assured of a continuous and never-ceasing supply for as long as the war lasts

HOW THE MODERN GUN IS LOADED AND FIRED—A 9·2 HOWITZER IN ACTION

OPENING THE BREECH AFTER THE SHELL HAS BEEN FIRED FROM A 9·2 HOWITZER

The two pictures reproduced above were taken a few days ago at a famous Army School of Artillery in Britain: they show some of the Army's latest and heaviest guns in action and the men who are, even now, being trained to use them. The gun is a 9·2 howitzer and quite a large crew is needed for its handling—each man to his allotted post. Nothing in this war is to be left to chance; accordingly, specialist crews are being trained everywhere for specialist jobs under similar conditions to those that will be experienced at the front—a further evidence of Britain's determination to bring the struggle to a successful conclusion

AN INNER "A" TUBE BEING INSERTED INTO A HEAVY NAVAL GUN

An exceedingly skilled and difficult task and one which well illustrates the complexity of armaments manufacture. Without vast factories and vast resources production of such huge guns is obviously impossible: Britain is strong in such resources!

ARMY PREPARATIONS "SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND"
A little country station sees some of Britain's armed might for the first time. Station porters are here unloading heavy-calibre howitzers from the railway trucks

THERE WILL BE NO SHORTAGE OF GUNS

Britain's Supply of Armaments is Assured this Time

On left—**A GIANT HOWITZER GOES OFF**
If you have ever stood behind one of these guns you know it's a Big Noise when it goes off. This nice little piece of "frightfulness" has just lobbed its large-size shell over the ranges and shattered the Heavens with its roar

THE EMPIRE'S RESPONSE: The Four Great Dominions and the Colonies Speak with the Same Voice

The entire wool clip is to go to the Empire's needs

AUSTRALIA'S EFFORT WILL BE A BIG ONE IN SEVERAL DIRECTIONS

Australia is becoming self-supporting in the construction of planes for local use

CANADA

Canada has put all her resources for the furtherance of the war against Hitlerism. From the moment she declared war, on September 10, for the first time in her history she has been actively engaged in gearing up her industries for the supply of the Empire's essential needs.

The western provinces will be sending corn (which, incidentally, will bring prosperity to the farmers); timber and wood pulp will be coming from the great forests in large quantity now that they are difficult to obtain from Finland and Russia.

Conscription is not to be enforced, but volunteers have crowded to enlist, and an expeditionary force is expected to sail early next year.

Scrap iron is no longer being sent to Japan, all metals being kept for war purposes. Bacon is to be produced as quickly as pigs can be encouraged.

In all forms of military preparedness and industrial output Canada is in far better condition than in 1914, and is fully determined to put her whole strength into the Allied cause. The air training scheme envisages 25,000 pilots, observers, air-gunners, and wireless operators every year.

AUSTRALIA

Having no racial difficulties Australia responded at once when Great Britain declared war upon Germany. Since then she has been devoting all her energies in support of the Allies. Volunteers were eager, as in 1914, to go at once to join with the British, but this time Australia has her own defence to consider. Russia and Japan were allies in the Great War.

Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, is certain that Britain at the moment wants supplies more than men. The whole of the wool clip of Australia is now destined for Britain as well as the surplus of butter, eggs, meat, and canned fruits. Australia hopes to feed and clothe the United Kingdom as well as her own people.

Beside all this she is training the militia and a proposed expeditionary force, and her munition factories are working at full pressure. She is in a position now to turn out her own artillery, machine-guns, bombs and shells, whereas in 1914 she was only making rifles and small arm ammunition.

Aircraft are to be constructed on a large scale, so that all the Dominions can eventually be supplied. A local output is now in full force.

NEW ZEALAND

Like Australia, New Zealand had a united country with no difference of opinion at the outbreak of war. Mr. Savage, the Prime Minister, broadcast the message which makes British hearts throb. "Where she goes we go, and where she stands we stand." All parties, every section of the community, farmers, employees and producers of all kinds are working solidly with the Government.

A voluntary force of a fully equipped division to serve in any part of the world has been promised. New Zealand will continue to supply us with our main source of mutton and lamb and all dairy produce.

The naval division has been transferred to the Admiralty. The stupendous effort made in 1914, when nearly half the men of military age fought with Britain, far away from their own country, is likely to be repeated.

"We stand or fall together, in war or peace, defeat or victory," says Mr. Savage. The capacity of New Zealand has greatly increased during the last twenty years and she is better organised as regards military defence and war equipment, as well as having increased her exporting capacity of wool, meat, butter, etc.

SOUTH AFRICA

South Africa joined with her sister Dominions in the war against Hitler, a decision which must have disappointed Berlin, who had doubtless hoped that General Hertzog, the then Prime Minister, would at least have kept the Union neutral. Owing to racial difficulties General Smuts, who has succeeded Hertzog, is not advocating an expeditionary force, but is defending South Africa.

Permission has been given for the raising of a South African Irish Regiment for service at home or elsewhere. A fund of £1,000,000 is to be raised to send South African products as a gift to Great Britain.

During the Great War, South Africa had a tough fight against a small body of rebel Boers, and against the Germans of South-west Africa. She has no longer any active force to fight but only the persistent Nazi propaganda which broadcasts misrepresentations of the British in Africa.

Perhaps the best refutation is the statement of Colonel Deneys Reitz, the new Minister of Native Affairs, who is coming to London for a conference. A sturdy foe during the South African War, he was won over to British rule by its generosity.

THE COLONIAL EMPIRE

Rhodesia.—Two-thirds of the man power of the colony has volunteered, a very large proportion, as all those employed on vital services, such as farming, mining and transport, were asked not to enlist. The colony is just waiting to find out the best use her services can be put to by the British Government. All the paramount chiefs of the native tribes have sent personal messages of loyalty, asking in what way they can be of service. "Even if Heaven or earth fall we shall stand solidly behind the Empire."

Kenya.—The colony has been put into preparation for any emergency, and the capital, Mombasa, is described as remaining on a war footing. All the male Germans in the colony have been interned, but all the German children and nearly all the women are at liberty. Education is being arranged for the children.

Jamaica is busy increasing food production.

British Honduras, Barbados, Trinidad, have all made their own measures for defence, and have many volunteers anxious to enlist when their services are wanted.

The *Sheik of Bahrein* has offered £40,000 for Empire expenses.

Fiji.—The Fijians at the outbreak of war announced their loyalty to the King—and placed themselves and all they had at the feet of His Majesty.

Tonga.—The Queen of Tonga, coral island in the Pacific, with a population of 32,000, offered all the resources of the island.

West Africa.—The negroes have no love for Hitler, who despises them, and are keen to serve the Empire. The paramount chief of Accra, on the Gold Coast, is reported to have said "If the worst comes to the worst, I will take off my sandals and walk barefoot with the British soldiers right into the firing line."

A BIG GERMAN RAIDER IS FORCED DOWN IN THE SEA, AND THE CREW RESCUED BY A BRITISH DESTROYER

DRAMA in the NORTH SEA

These pictures were received in London a few days ago: they depict the scene out in the North Sea when one of the German flying boats which had participated in an air attack upon ships of the British Fleet was brought down. The attackers were beaten off after an action which lasted for over five hours, when a hundred bombs were dropped with little effect. This bomber came down on the sea, the crew took to their collapsible rubber boat, and were then rescued by a British destroyer which appeared on the scene. The plane was then sunk by gunfire

On left—

THE CREW OF THE GERMAN FLYING BOAT TAKE TO THEIR COLLAPSIBLE RUBBER BOAT BEFORE BEING RESCUED

A GROUP OF GERMAN SUBMARINE OFFICERS AND CREW ON CONNING TOWER

It is only in very secluded or safe conditions that the submarine can indulge in surface conditions such as this

THE ANTI-SUBMARINE CAMPAIGN

And Naval Notes of the Week

In Newbolt's *Naval Operations*, based on official documents by direction of the Historical Committee of Imperial Defence, the writer points out that, under the name of "wafting," the convoy system is as old as the Great Harry. In 1513, Bishop Fox, Lord Privy Seal, wrote to Wolsey as follows:

"And as for sending ships for the scouring of the narrow sea and wafting of the hoys that go to Calais, I pray God send you them in time; for it is too great a shame to lose the ships that be lost. And I trust ye will no more adventure neither the ordnance, artillery, victuals, nor men, till ye have wafters. Meseemeth that ye might man some of the Spaniards that be at Sandwich, and make them wafters till others may come to you."

The convoy system adopted in 1917 was due to the failure of mining and patrolled sea-lanes to cope with the urgent necessity to build up a reserve of food while merchant ships remained afloat to transport it; a policy which imposed on the Admiralty the impossible task of protecting targets scattered singly about the high seas, relying for salvation from the submarine on the zig-zag course and doused lights.

On April 26 Admiral Duff sent a paper to Admiral Jellicoe advocating the adoption of the convoy system without delay. He calculated that a loss of as many as three ships out of each convoy would leave the situation no worse than under the system of mines and sea-lanes which, supported by a deadly array of facts too long to quote, he denounced as being a policy "heading straight for disaster." . . . "Without some such relief as I have indicated—and that given immediately—the Navy will fail in its responsibility to the country, and the country itself will suffer starvation."

On the following day Admiral Jellicoe approved the minute. The momentous decision was taken; standing out as one of the most important of the war; a decisive tactical manœuvre in the four-year battle for the use of sea transport, in which our whole mercantile fleet and all that depended on it was at stake.

I. S.-W.

ATTACK ON A GERMAN SUBMARINE BY BRITISH DESTROYERS

The destroyers tear round in ever widen for the hidden submarine. Slowly a pat has burst out of the broken submarine b

HOISTING UP A DEPTH CHARGE ON TO THE DISCHARGE GUN

The depth charge, in appearance just like an oil drum, is flung out from the destroyer's side by a squat kind of gun

THE contention that the defensive armamen merchant shipping is against the internatio laws of war is, of course, untrue and it is only ne sary to go back to Germany's own prize regulati of June, 1914, which were very carefully drawn by her best lawyers, to find it fully recognised. is the policy of the British Government to lean further on the safe side by fitting the guns only the sterns of merchant ships, so that they can possibly be used for offensive measures. The I American Congress that has recently met at Pana allows merchantmen four guns up to six inches calibre as a purely defensive armament, with sacrificing their mercantile status, and it is certain that no British ship has as heavy a bat as that except those which are legally commissio as auxiliary cruisers with the Navy.

The arming of merchantmen has, beyond denial, been acknowledged as a matter of course f the earliest days for use against pirates, privat

Drawn by Montague Dawson for "The Sphere"

dening circles dropping depth charge after depth charge, searching patch of greasy surface appears on the water, evidence that oil ne below. Overhead hangs the black pall of the destroyers' smoke

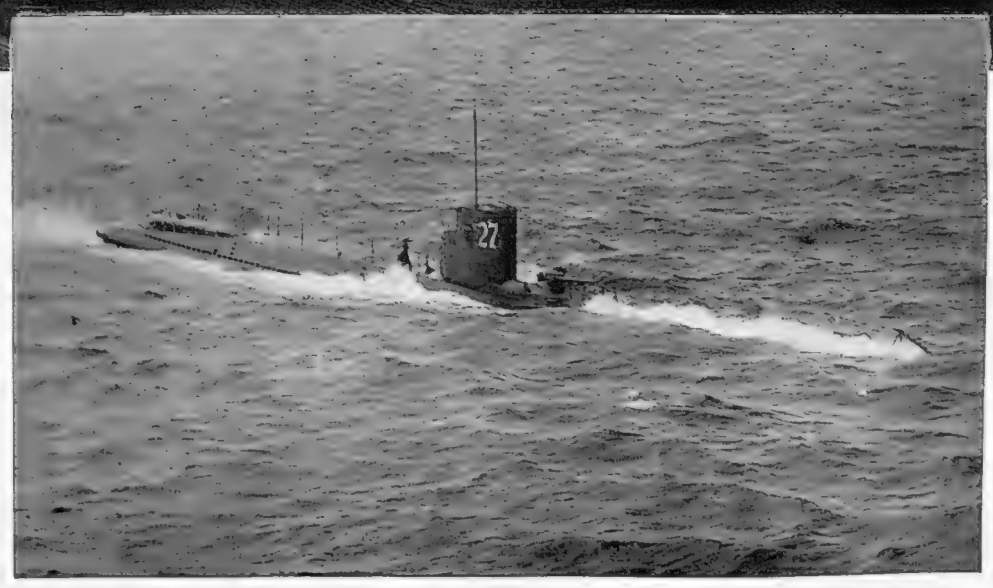
ment of national necessulations awn up ed. It ean still only on cannot he Pan-Panama ches in without is very battery ssioned

ond all se from ivateers

and enemy warships, and although for many years the guns were limited in calibre, just as they are now, a great difference was made in 1778 when the carronade was invented by the Carron Company especially for the arming of merchant ships. It had too short a range to be used for aggression, but on the other hand at close quarters it had terrific smashing power and in any number of cases prevented boarding.

The custom of arming merchantmen lasted until the end of the Napoleonic Wars, and considerably later in regions where piracy was to be expected, and was revived by Mr. Winston Churchill as First Lord shortly before the last war, two 4.7-in. guns being mounted in the sterns of a number of food ships, although they were not provided with ammunition in peace-time.

F. C. B.



A GERMAN U-BOAT AT THE MOMENT OF DIVING

Soon only the tip of the periscope will be creating a "feather" through the water

FROM THE COUNTY TOWN AND THE SEASIDE

THE FISHERMEN CARRY ON IN SPITE OF THE LURKING DANGERS BENEATH THE WAVES

Watching an East Coast fishing craft leaving harbour on its adventurous calling from which no danger can keep the men

NOW IT HAS GONE THE WAY HOUSES DO AT PAKEFIELD

The sea continues its little game with this suburb of Lowestoft. Last week this house crashed into the waves

A PLEASANT WAY OF SHOPPING DURING THESE WAR-TIME DAYS

Trotting round to the shops on horseback recalls the days of Jane Austen and Evelina

"EVACS" LEARN A THING OR TWO FROM THE NAVY LEAGUE'S SENIOR CADETS

These West Ham boys are having a good time in the country learning rope work and other naval tricks. *On right*—The women of the A.T.S. are learning how to cook for Thomas Atkins

BRITAIN'S ENEMY ALIENS are being INTERNED

A Visit to One of the Camps Where Britain's Foreigners Are Now Kept Under Guard

ALL over the country tribunals are sitting daily, sifting with legal precision the position of enemy aliens in this country. These proceedings are secret, but I can say that they are lengthy in 90 per cent. of the cases. The exceptions are those of agitators known to the police, and very definite suspects who cannot hope to rebut the (to them) unexpectedly full evidence which the police produce of their activities.

Suffice it that there are also many very valuable men who have been called "enemy aliens," but are now doing very important work in their particular industries for the British Government, to the very definite detriment of the Germans who foolishly turned them out or allowed them to escape.

What of the betwixt and between class? The internment camps have solved the problem. I have just returned from a full tour of one of them, and of all the war-time activities I have seen in this country, this camp was one of the most interesting and human.

I have been given the figure of 35,000 as the number of enemy aliens in Great Britain when war was declared. Many of these were business men with no desire to return to their own country—to Germany, Czechoslovakia, or Austria. The police had to decide what to do. Some, perfectly innocent of any desire for espionage or sabotage, had to be quickly collected because if only 2 per cent. of the 35,000 were possible enemies in mind, there would be 700 men and women for the police to watch day and night.

And so to the internment camps, where on fresh air, good food, regular hours, "most of us are fitter than we've been for years," as one elderly German expressed it.

It was a long train journey through the peaceful countryside to the camp I visited, a camp for men only, 350 of them. The sun was shining brightly, flowers bloomed in the beds, the scent of rows of blossoming rose trees filled the air, and everything looked neat, orderly, and friendly. There was a breath of ozone from the not too distant, but hidden, sea.

The hour was that of exercise, which is compulsory every day between two and four o'clock in the afternoon. Then everyone must take a stroll, or else if they prefer they can play games. Football was in progress, with all in civilian dress. It was the old practice game of "shooting at goal." A youngster was keeping goal cleverly. In the attacking centre-forward position was a tubby German in a blue suit. In his right hand he clutched his green Homburg hat. He had passed middle-age, but he showed considerable activity, especially with his favourite back-heel over his head. He was recapturing his youth.

A little farther on were the tennis courts, three of them, in perfect condition. A doubles was in progress and very useful tennis it was indeed, with shouts of laughter and encouragement. On a vacant court one man was busy coaching an older man, showing him the swing of the forehand drive, and then the stance for the serve.

Described by
NOEL THOMPSON

It might have been a holiday camp. Round the lawns strolled men in twos and threes talking. Under their arms they carried newspapers; they are allowed to have as many as they like. Some were old and bearded, others broad and youthful. Their clothes betrayed obvious social differences. Internees are divided into two classes, A and B. The former are what, for lack of a better definition, I must call officer, or gentleman, class. They pay, if they wish, 4s. 6d. a day, for which they receive a little better food and service and have their meals separately.

There are line and group leaders who are responsible for about thirty men each. They choose and allot the fatigues such as serving at table or helping in the kitchens, or maintaining the cleanliness of the camp, simple light duties which they enjoy because it breaks the inevitable dullness of a routine day.

It was as I walked round the sleeping quarters that I received my first shock. Some of the men stood up as my officer guide approached to talk with them about any little problems they had, such as "Could this letter go to my solicitor, please?" or "I have heard that several relatives want to see me next week, will that be all right?"

(I should add here, if I have not made it clear before, that every possible request is granted, and every assistance given for appeals to tribunals, etc.)

But to return to the shock. Facing me was a young man with whom I had been having a glass of beer in my club two months ago. I do not know why I was so embarrassed, because I knew he was German, but somehow I hadn't expected to meet a friend face to face. He smiled, winked, flexed his arm to show his muscle, newly acquired, and generally indicated that he was quite happy.

The internees had comfortable huts with two beds, broad and soft. The bedding was folded neatly in military fashion, the huts clean and tidy—a job for which they are responsible themselves. No one on earth could complain at the surroundings of comfort there. Hot baths and showers galore were just round the corner.

It is forbidden for the soldiers to talk with the internees, but everything was so peaceful and happy that it is difficult to imagine that this regulation is not broken when no one is looking. I could see little desire for escaping. At that moment round the corner I heard the cheerful sounds of a piano accordion. A young German was playing it sweetly and rhythmically. They are already forming and training their own band and also a choir.

So on to the kitchens, which originally cost £30,000 and are as bright and sparkling as a new pin. Tommies were acting as cooks. Huge fifty-gallon boilers were preparing a soup of masses of vegetables and meat—more a thick stew than a soup—which they have every day for tea, with bread, butter or margarine and jam. Some of the German fatigue were helping prepare joints. The big dining hall was also spotlessly clean. My guide joked about this. The Germans kept it so clean that they shamed the British troops in their neighbouring dining hall to keep theirs cleaner, and now there is rivalry.

Roughly the day is divided into: 7 a.m. rising, cleaning huts, breakfast (bacon and eggs, etc., jams, marmalade and lashings of tea), exercise and reading, lunch of joint and two vegetables, with a sweet, the above-mentioned tea at 6 p.m. and then any snacks they like to buy for themselves if they want anything before lights out at 9.15 p.m. There is no stinting. I really believe that they are fitter and happier. And comparisons with a German camp are so obvious as to be truly odious.

In the main reception hall was a big pile of parcels of various sorts, some of a huge size. The internees on fatigue help to open these for examination. Relatives or friends can send any amount of food, clothing, and other comforts that they want, and special supplies of cigarettes or cigars. One thing alone is forbidden, no alcohol is allowed in the camp at all.

And so through another door to a hall where there is what I can only describe as a tuck shop. Sweets, cigarettes, tobaccos, pipes, fruit in abundance, cereals, tinned goods, all can be bought there every day. The internees make out their list of requirements and one man from each group collects them for his own group. The takings amount to over £50 a week. Yet another small hall is set aside for the special A class prisoners. Here they dine in better comfort, with stewards from an interned German ship to wait on them. Some of these stewards and crew speak no English, but all are setting out to learn.

The sun was still shining strongly as once more we made our way into the ozone-filled air. Somewhere a wireless was giving the four o'clock news. It was unexciting and one almost waited for the fat stock prices. The occasional sentry could not give the place a war atmosphere.

A cyclist came by with a broad red band on his arm—"He's a man on parole," explained my guide, "and has been down in the town."

We passed a linen store, where two men were at work. Father and son, I learned, who were drapers, and are now using their knowledge for the good of the camp. A little farther and a red cross indicated the hospital. There were four men in bed. One was recovering from appendicitis with the complete success that good nursing and a first-class surgeon can procure. Another had had a heart attack, and was resting peacefully. He greeted us with a cheerful smile. With the orderlies was another internee. He had been in his last year of a medical course in a hospital in England, and had preferred to remain and work in a camp rather than return to Germany.

Looking back on my two days visit to an internment camp I find my emotions mixed. I did not expect dirt, discomfort, bullying discipline, nor really did I expect such calm, philosophic, not to say almost beatific atmosphere. I saw everything, noted everything. Not a Heaven, perhaps, but certainly a very pleasant haven.

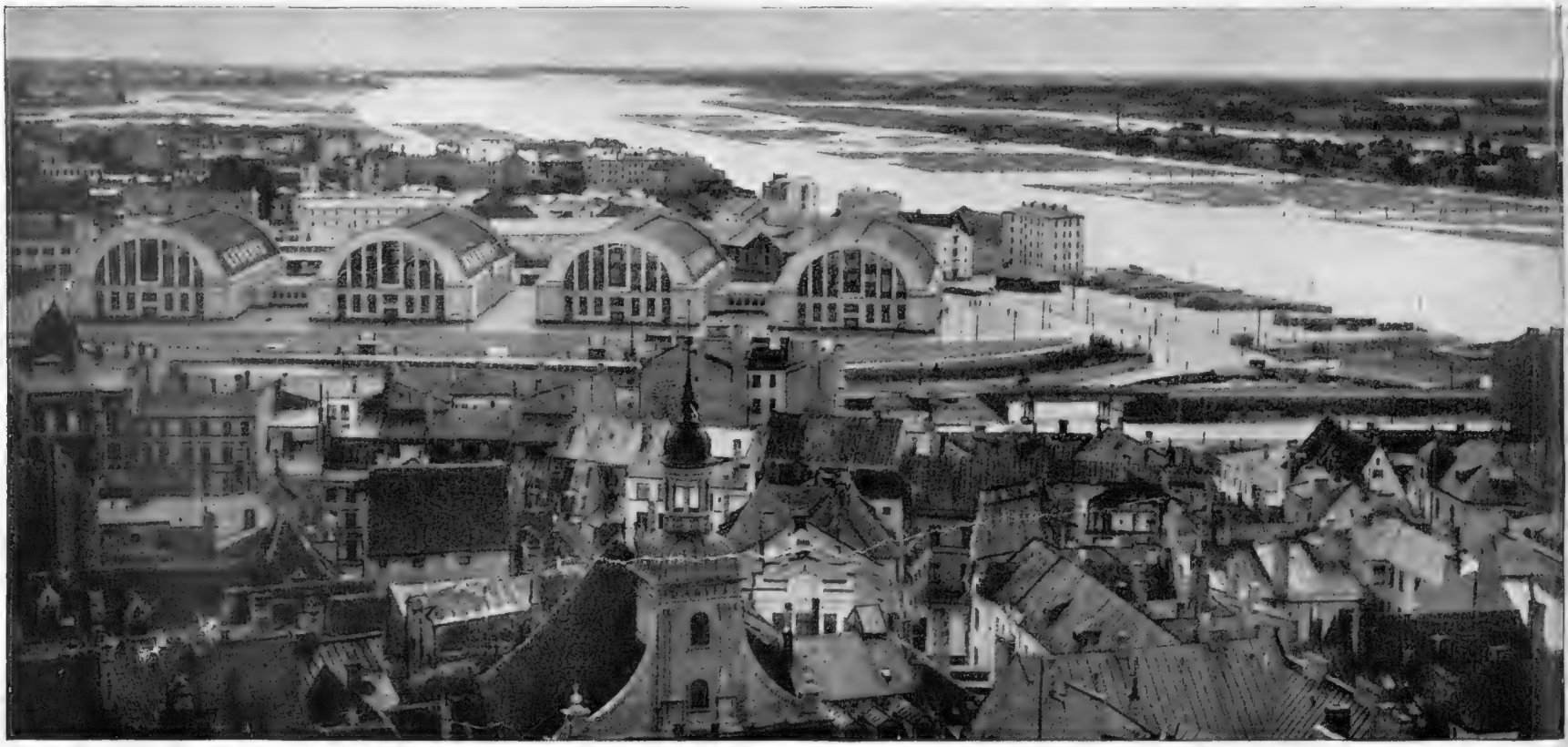
READY FOR THE WAR PRISONERS ONCE AGAIN

This is a view of Donington Hall, near Derby, famous during the years 1914-1918 as an internment camp for German officers. It has just been taken over by the Government to serve the same purpose in the present war. As before, a barbed-wire fence is being erected round the house and across the rose garden—past the mouth of the tunnel through which, twenty-five years ago, interned German officers managed to crawl through to freedom. Since the last war the grounds of Donington Hall have become famous as a motor-car racing track, and thousands of Londoners and Midlanders have explored every corner of this delightful, park-like domain

THE RIVER FAÇADE OF LATVIA'S CAPITAL From left to right appear, facing towers and corners, the cathe· has suffered several sieges, in In earlier days, the Order of

ONE OF THE OLDEST BUILDINGS IN RIGA The House of the Black Heads bears on its rich façade four symbolical figures of the Renaissance period; the original foundation was about 1330. Early in the following century the Têtes Noires seem to have been established as a kind of bachelor club for foreign merchants, exercising considerable influence. Quite different visitors arrived some days ago in the persons of Russian members of a mixed Latvian-Soviet military commission which was to draw up plans for carrying out the new pact between Latvia and the U.S.S.R.

NAPOLEON COMMEMORATED IN KOVNO, NOW KAUNAS The St. Nicholas monument brings to memory Napoleon's pause on the Niemen before the fateful march to Moscow



HOW MODERN RIGA SEEKS TO ATTRACT THE TRADE OF THE BALTIC This view, taken from above the left bank portion of the city, shows the four new blocks which constitute the new Market. The Düna stretches away through marshes and wooded territory to the sea

FAMOUS CITIES OF THE OLD BALTIC STATES

Where Teutonic Knights, "The Snow King of the North," Russian Czars and the Emperor Napoleon Fought

the River Düna, the Imperial Chateau, with round dral church of St. Mary, and the Hotel de Ville. The town the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. the Teutonic Knights held power in this Hanseatic port

Above—
In the old capital of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania; a busy scene during a Corpus Christi celebration before the procession sets out for the Cathedral of St. Stanislas

On left—
A scene in the Jewish quarter of Vilna or Vilno which has a well-defined Ghetto, dating from ancient times and still preserving some old world features

On right—
A scene in timber-clad Russian Karelia, part of which may be bartered for Finnish islands: a timber river dam is seen in the foreground

VILNA, WHICH NOW SUFFERS ANOTHER CHANGE OF STATUS, POSSESSES MANY BEAUTIFUL BUILDINGS

If you turn out of the Bolchaïa, as it used to be called, and go down a narrower street towards the Jardin de la Ville, you come on the wonderfully daring façade of the church of St. Anne. The flying ogee-work in brick is amazingly clever. The city is full of memories of Napoleon. It was here that he appeared as the great Commander in June, 1812, only to return as the defeated General in December. On the night of December 6 he deserted the army, disguised, and pushed on to Paris. 20,000 sick and wounded were left in the city

ENTERTAINING LONDON A.R.P. WORKERS

Beatrice Lillie (Lady Peel) who gave her services as an artiste at the first A.R.P. cabaret in Chelsea

AT THE A.R.P.'S FIRST CABARET SHOW IN LONDON

The first cabaret given by the Civil Defence Entertainment Committee for London A.R.P. workers has just been held at the Chelsea Town Hall. The funds collected on this and similar occasions are to provide games and sports equipment for members of A.R.P. organisations. In the above picture are seen the following—Mr. Cyril Edwards (casualty officer), Sister Biggs (committee member), Mr. E. Dawson (assistant O.C. messengers), Miss Prudence Hyman (canteen worker and committee member), Mr. C. S. Barden (chairman of committee and O.C. messengers) and Miss Virginia Dawn (canteen worker)

PHILIP PAGE on the THEATRE

A Triple Bill at the "Q" Theatre : Opera at Sadler's Wells : And a Note on "Oomph"

IT is, perhaps, as well that all war-time theatre-going is not regarded merely as a tonic to relieve the depression of the black-out and to cheer one up generally, though I do not minimise the importance of that aspect. Mr. Priestley has proved, indeed, at the Westminster Theatre that it is not so regarded; I am glad to hear that his *Music at Night* (a play which, with all its virtues, is hardly a carnival of fun) is playing to good business.

None the less, I would not have chosen Strindberg as a suitable dramatist for these times. True, he was one of the Great Figures (though an unconscionable amount of nonsense has been talked and written about him). But he was a gloomy soul, and my chief recollections of his work are a play in which the late Robert Loraine had to go mad and be put in a strait-waistcoat, and another rather drab drama, *Miss Julie*.

Strindberg formed, however, only a third of the triple bill I saw at the "Q" Theatre last week. His one-act play, *Pariah*, is concerned with the criminal class from a somewhat remotely intellectual point of view. Mr. Noel Howlett as Professor X and Mr. Alan Wheatley as Professor Y dealt faithfully with its somewhat algebraic qualities. Dyed-in-the-wool Strindbergians must have loved it.

Mr. Sean O'Casey contributed two little plays of quite a different flavour—*A Pound on Demand* and *The End of the Beginning*. The former is farce with a rather bitter tang, the sort of thing a Harry Tate sketch would be in the unlikely event of Mr. O'Casey writing a sketch for Harry Tate, or, for that matter, a music-hall sketch for anybody. Two tightish navvies arguing in a post office were given the necessary realism by Mr. Edgar K. Bruce and Mr. John Laurie. There is also an O'Caseyan suggestion of the music-halls in *The End of the Beginning*, in which the humour of men trying to do the sort of jobs about the house to which they are unsuited is fully exploited.

On the whole an interestingly varied evening's entertainment. Kew, Streatham (where Miss Constance Cummings showed me the best Saint Joan I have yet seen), and Richmond (where Mlle Delysia, in an amusing comedy, has just proved that she is as clever and charming in this war as she was in the last) are all doing their bit theatrically. When are other suburbs going to follow?

Mozart at Sadler's Wells.—Sadler's Wells—no, Clerkenwell is not a suburb—chose Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* as their third war-time operatic production. As was the case with the previous Saturday matinee (*Cav.* and *Pag.*), the theatre was packed to capacity, and enthusiasm, like the audience, positively overflowed. The new venture of giving *night* performances on Thursdays (curtain rising at 6.30) looks like being well supported.

The performance was a good one, in spite of the fact that several members of the cast seemed to be suffering from colds. Again Miss Joan Cross stood out, though not because the surrounding country was flat; it was not, even in a musical sense. Her Countess, in addition to its vocal excellence, had the same Marie Antoinette-like dignity and poise as her Princess in Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*—which I pray the Wells authorities to show us again with all speed, for it is the best thing they have ever done.

"Winter Carnival" (Film).—Whatever the tasks of the critics of a bygone age, they were never confronted with that quality specifically labelled "oomph." William Hazlitt did not discourse in immaculate prose on whether or no Mrs. Siddons was an "oomph girl." Clement Scott, voluminous writer though he was, finds no space to mention the "oomphish" aspects, if any, of Dame Madge Kendal.

The other day I was more—or was it less?—fortunate in making my first film acquaintance with the damsel who has been blazoned forth to the world as, *par excellence*, the possessor of "oomph"—Miss Ann Sheridan. It is not for me to analyse "oomph" or the extent to which Miss Sheridan radiates it; I am the dramatic critic of THE SPHERE and not of *The Lancet*. I saw her in a film at the London Pavilion entitled *Winter Carnival* and thought her a pretty fair actress. She is also mighty good to look upon, though she gave me the impression of being in a permanent bad temper. But perhaps that was just the "oomph."

The film itself is an admirable specimen of its kind, if you care for such a well-worn kind—a story of an American university where no one does any work but where everyone is busy falling in love. The name of this university is Dartmouth, and I found some of its inhabitants so exasperating that I would willingly have packed them off to Dartmoor as a more fitting institution.

A CINEMA WHICH IS BEATING THE BLACK-OUT

A deputation of West End managers have visited the Scala Cinema in Croydon, where, to beat the black-out, the vestibule has been decorated in luminous paint. In daylight or ordinary electric light this paint can scarcely be seen, but once it is touched by the ultra-violet ray lamps in the ceiling, it glows in a variety of colours. Thus the vestibule appears to be well illuminated, but no light shines into the road. To obtain this picture an exposure of twenty minutes was necessary with the lens wide open, and was taken from the street entrance. Although no figures can be seen, many patrons were passing to and fro whilst the plate was being exposed. Our photographer describes the light as an aura-like mauvish blue tint giving an eerie effect. One can move around quite freely in this light. Peculiar effects are produced by this lighting. Silver becomes copper colour, and teeth are given a brilliantly white effect

CINEMAS FOR THE R.A.F.

Sir Seymour Hicks (controller of the Entertainment National Services Association) and Mr. Basil Dean (Director of Entertainments for the N.A.A.F.I.) inspecting two of the mobile cinemas which are being sent overseas to members of the R.A.F. in France

LONDON SEEING IT THROUGH

in the Eighth Week of War

FILLING IN THE RATION BOOKS, WHICH ARE TO BE ONE OF THE JOYS OF THE AUTUMN

Thousands of girls are filling in the names and so forth on the ration book, with its five different leaves which will make you careful about breakfast, lunch and dinner

THESE NURSES OF A MOBILE FIRST-AID UNIT ARE DETERMINED TO GET THERE FIRST!

Just one of the moments which occur in this odd London of ours. Both infantry and nurses are taking exercise, each in their own way

LET US HOPE THAT NOTHING HAPPENS TO KING CHARLES—HIS COPPER STATUE HAS SURVIVED MANY A RISK

The monument to King Charles the First, of blessed memory to some and a warning to others, is being boarded and sandbagged. It deserves its protection, whereas dear little Eros, well . . .

AT THE RAILWAY STATION THE Y.M.C.A. ARE BUSY ONCE AGAIN

This scene at Euston recalls many a scene of 1914–18. The canteens are already doing very good work in London and Liverpool

LA VILLE LUMIERE: Not So Luminous But Still Cheery and Bright

WHENEVER THE SUN SHINES THE PARISIAN SIPS HIS APERITIF IN THE OPEN AIR

The Parisians still watch the passing parade on the pavements, just as if all was still peaceable on the borders of the Rhine

PARIS GOES TO THE GREAT MARKET FOR MUCH OF ITS FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

Here is a typical scene at the great Halles Centrales with the vegetable baskets bursting with carrots, onions, and potatoes, spread out to tempt madame

THE FRENCH TOWN CRIER IS AN IMPORTANT PERSON THESE DAYS

A quaint figure, he now has much bigger matters to proclaim than a local sale at M——'s house

YOUR IDENTIFICATION CARD, MONSIEUR?

Above—A familiar scene in the street when the police are "active" for some particular reason. *On left*—Several famous French women aviators have joined a volunteer service unit. Left to right are Adrienne Bolland, the first woman to fly the Andes; Baronne Surcouf, a well-known French social worker, talking with Maryse Bastie, in printed dress, the well-known French flyer and record-holder; second from right is Suzette O'Nil, the famous French pilot and parachutist

THE WAR IN THE AIR—Week by Week

A War-time Commentary by Britain's Foremost Authority on Air Power, CHARLES G. GREY

(formerly Editor of *The Aeroplane*)

PEOPLE keep on asking how long this war is going on, just as if, because one has had to do with air affairs for a few decades one is entitled to some special gift from Heaven in the way of prophecy. By far the best prophecy in this line comes from an American friend of mine, one Al Williams, formerly a lieutenant in the U.S. navy, then naval aviator, and after that professional test pilot. Now he writes a daily piece in the Scripps-Howard chain of daily papers, and amazingly often he strikes a notion or a phrase which deserves to become historic. This is one of them.

Writing of an imaginary pal of his named Joe Pelican, he tells how on a pouring wet day one of the boys called—"Hyah, Joe. D'yer think it's goin' to stop rainin'?" Joe cast a wide glance at the dripping dull skies, and then, with a drawl—"Well, I dunno'"—adding—"but it always has."

The conversation then turned to the crack-up of a pilot who had been tempting fate with a lot of spectacular flights. "Too bad," said Joe, "too bad, but it just had to come. Napoleon and all the rest got it the same way." "What's Napoleon and all the rest got to do with it?" came the query. "Well, you see," replied Joe, "there ain't no jobs for supermen. There just ain't no jobs for them, but they keep trying to find one."

That, I imagine, is about as near to a prophecy of the end of the present war as anybody is likely to get. And, incidentally, the last piece is a very good argument for those who believe in democracies. A benevolent despotism may be the ideal form of government, but the difficulty is to secure a continuity of benevolent despots. And even a benevolent despot can make mistakes. There is difficulty enough even in securing a continuity of great leaders of men. One gets a Nelson at sea or a Wellington on the ground or a Trenchard in the air once in a while but they are few and far between. But somehow the common man worries through and comes out on top after the rain has stopped falling and the superman has cracked himself up.

That thought ought to give us more confidence in our Royal Air Force and in its ultimate success after war has broken out seriously than almost anything else. Those of us who have been on the inside of the development of the Air Force and more particularly of its equipment since 1918, especially during the past five or ten years, could tell some astonishing stories of official ineptitude, and of idiotic mistakes in one department or another of the Air Ministry, but steadily the good men have worked their way to the top, and never at any time in the history of the Royal Air Force has there been such an all-round good Air Council as there has been for the past three or four years during which the Air Force has been built up from the panic expansion which followed our unfortunate attempt at unilateral disarmament, right up to the time more than two years ago when the normal chaos of panic began to steady down and the factories got into a state of steady production at high pressure, and the recruiting and training of personnel was organised to keep pace as nearly as possible with the output of aeroplanes and motors and all the armament that goes with them.

Sometimes one department would get ahead of another, and odd states of affairs would arise. About a year ago there was one such crisis which was really amusing. The aircraft industry, and incidentally the enthusiasm of the workpeople quite as much as the organisation of the technical chiefs, was turning out such masses of aeroplanes and motors that the stores people simply didn't know where to put them. The Works and Buildings Department, irreverently known as Works and Bricks, had been working hard to produce new and ingenious methods of storage. The Training Command had been turning out pilots as hard as it could, and, I take it, the young pilots in training were breaking a normal proportion of our training machines, though one must say that the breakages in these days, thanks to improved methods of training, are an astonishingly small percentage compared with what they were five years ago—let alone during the last war.

In spite of everything, the supply of aeroplanes surpassed the demand, or rather the accommodation, and the stores people got to the stage of hanging aeroplanes up by the tail, like a lot of fish, because there was no room for them on the floor.

The result was that the poor manufacturers found themselves torn between two departments, one of which, the Production Department, was urging them to turn out more and more aeroplanes and motors as hard as they could, while the Stores Department was beseeching them to slack off a bit until they got somewhere to put the aeroplanes.

Really that was a very satisfactory state of affairs, because in these days one needs a far greater surplus of aeroplanes in proportion to the number of pilots than one did during the last war. In those days, unhappily, if an aeroplane were wrecked in the air by gunfire or a hostile aeroplane, or caught fire accidentally or broke, the pilot and the rest of the crew were dead, short of one of those miracles which did seem to happen astonishingly often during the war. But in these days, thanks to the practical perfection of parachutes, a man can be shot down over and over again and get away with a parachute. Also thanks to the existence of parachutes and the fact that he has a very long odds-on chance of getting away, a man's nerve will last much longer than it did in the last war, and he would use up many more aeroplanes.

Incidentally, a minor point which is likely to save our people quite a lot when serious air war begins, is the much higher speed of modern aeroplanes in relation to normal wind-speeds. We lost hundreds of pilots in France who were taken prisoner because in the course of a reconnaissance or in fighting they were drifted farther and farther over German territory by the prevailing west winds, and were unable to get back to our territory because their machines were so slow or because they carried so little petrol. With modern aeroplanes, although naturally they will go farther behind the enemy lines than they did in those days, their speed is so much greater than that of any normal wind that the wind-speed hardly counts.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR AIR INSPECTS THE AIR FORCE IN FRANCE

Sir Kingsley Wood, who has just completed a tour of the R.A.F. in France, is the first British Defence Minister to visit British Forces oversea since the beginning of the war. He was accompanied by Air Vice-Marshal R. F. C. Peirse, Deputy Chief of the Air Staff. Here Sir Kingsley is seen before a bus which has been converted for office use and which has been suitably adorned by slogans. Behind him is Air Vice-Marshal Peirse; on the right are Air Vice-Marshal P. H. L. Playfair, Air Officer Commanding the R.A.F. in France, and two staff officers—Group-Captain A. H. Wann and Air-Commodore J. C. Quinnell

While I am writing, the papers are talking of German troops massing for a great attack on the Western Front. When such an attack comes we shall probably see our Air Force used as a real weapon of war and not as it has been hitherto, chiefly for propagandist purposes and for moral effect.

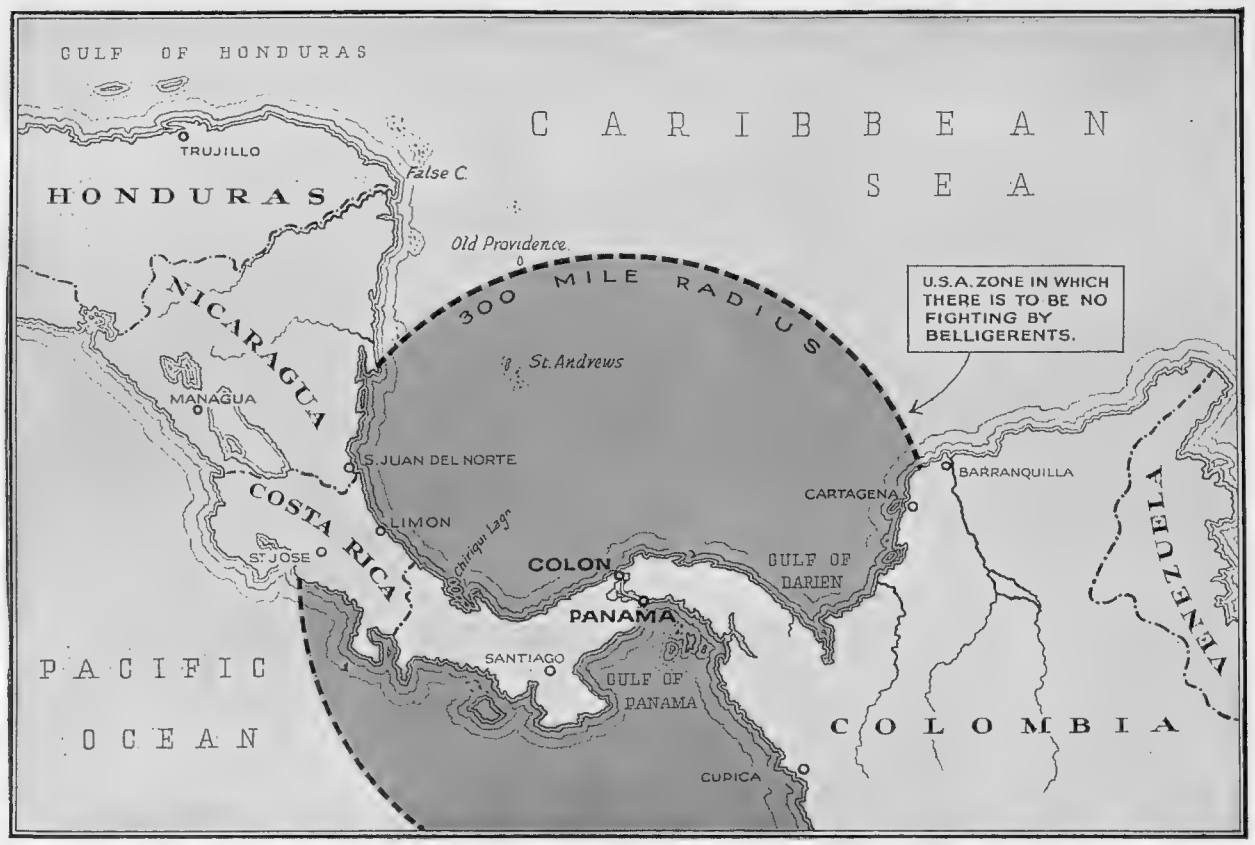
I wonder how much effect it has had either way. There is nothing to tell the German people that the British or French aeroplanes have been flying all over their country. Aero-motors of all nations speak much the same language, except to the very expert ear. And I have grave doubts about the effect of those leaflets. If the translation which was published officially is accurate, which I have no reason to doubt, the Germans must have thought that they were very dull reading and not a bit convincing.

But when the big attack comes on the Western Front then the Air Force will do some of the jobs for which it is intended—namely, bombing lines of communication. There ought to be any quantity of opportunity for cutting the railways and the autobahnen along which the supplies will be brought to the Western Front. Miles and miles of both lie out in the open country where they can be bombed without laying ourselves open to any charge of bombing open towns. I have had such a lot of fun on those autobahnen, and I like those fat comfortable German railways so much that I should hate to see them smashed up. But I suppose it will have to be done all in the way of business.

Incidentally, an American friend of mine who came out of Germany just when war was declared told me that he had to leave his hotel in Wiesbaden because all the hotels in that delightful health resort, the favourite of King Edward VII, had been taken over for the accommodation of the High and Wellborn Staff, and that four enormous blocks of barracks had been built just outside the town to accommodate headquarters troops—sentries, guards and so forth.

Wiesbaden reminds me of a sort of cross between Cheltenham and Harrogate, only much more beautiful than either of them. But I suppose the R.A.F. will have to bomb that too if the German Staff insists on living there.

Some of the English papers recently published a pathetic story of an old lady of eighty-four who had been evicted from her permanent apartments in an English hydro because it was wanted for Government offices. The same story is told of a lot of other permanent invalids likewise being turned out. I suppose much the same sort of thing must have happened at Wiesbaden. What a strange war it would be if it developed into reciprocal bombing of health resorts, instead of the destruction of munition areas, and crowded cities and political centres.



"THE DECLARATION OF PANAMA" WHICH IS INTENDED TO SECURE A ZONE IMMUNE FROM FIGHTING BY BELLIGERENTS

The area which the Panama President has declared to be a neutral zone immune from the operations of belligerents is centred on the Panama Canal and embraces a radius of 300 miles

PASSING THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC: PEDRO MIGUEL LOCKS IN FOREGROUND

Dr. J. D. Arosemena, President of Panama, has formally advised Britain, France, and Germany of the adoption of the "Declaration of Panama," establishing a security zone in which belligerent action by any of the combatants will not be permitted

THE WAR

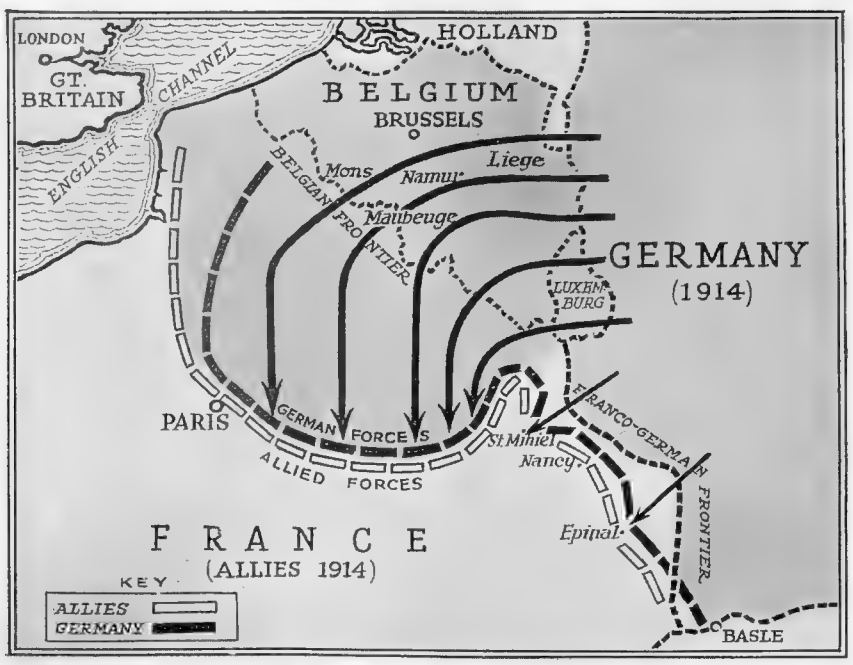
Scapa Flow Penetrated

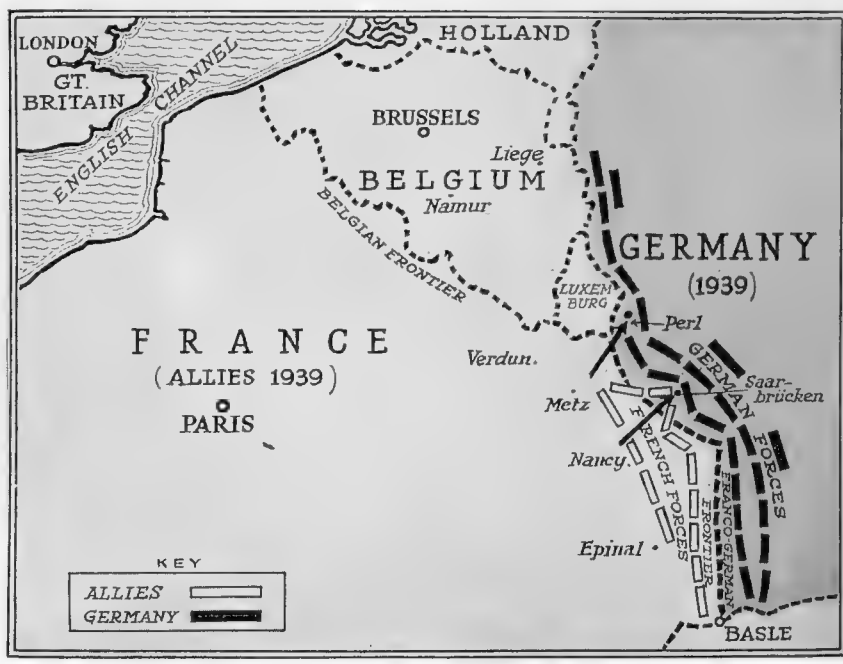
The outstanding piece of naval news last week was the stabbing of a British battleship by torpedoes within the encircling islands which form Scapa Flow. Expert opinion had been puzzled as to how this great ship had been hit—the later official intimation that she had been torpedoed in Scapa Flow at 1.30 a.m., first by one torpedo and then a bunch of three or four, made everything painfully clear. It appears that a German submarine had been hanging round the entrance to the Flow, had observed the way in which vessels passed the boom defences and had at a certain moment slipped in and according to German accounts had observed the outlines of our big ships silhouetted against the sky, being helped considerably by the Aurora light in the sky. The explosion caused by the first torpedo was thought to be an internal one and certain parts of the battleship were flooded—it was not until three or four more violent explosions coming in rapid succession some twenty minutes later showed that an enemy submarine was loose in the Flow. The great ship heeled over and sank rapidly while the submarine made off by the way she had come.

As one of the accompanying diagrams well shows, to reach her objective from the nearest point in Germany, the submarine which sank H.M.S. *Royal Oak* must have travelled at least 1,100 miles across the lonely wastes of the North Sea.

Scenery Around Scapa

The grand coast scenery of the Orkneys is confined to the west and south-west, being seen at its best on the island of Hoy and the west coast of Pomona. For the other part, the general effect of the landscape is pleasant, with long, rolling lines of undulating hills, studded with scanty fields of yellow corn in season. There are no hedges and no trees, nothing but wide, rolling uplands that have a certain attraction about them. The roads are generally good, but not so good as those of Shetland. Snow rarely lies on the land. Towards the end of October or beginning of November occurs a fine season, locally known by the name of "the peerie (or little) summer." Fogs are common during the summer and early-autumn months. Terrific gales occur usually four or five times a year, in which all distinction between air and water seems lost, the nearest objects are obscured by spray, and everything appears as enveloped in a thick smoke. On such occasions the whole force of the Atlantic beats against the Orcadian shores. Rocks of many tons in weight are lifted from their beds. The roar of the surge may be heard 20 miles off, and the breakers rise to the height of 60 ft. Herring fishing is, of course, the chief industry, but Orkney is well cultivated, and the land made to yield crops wherever it is possible.





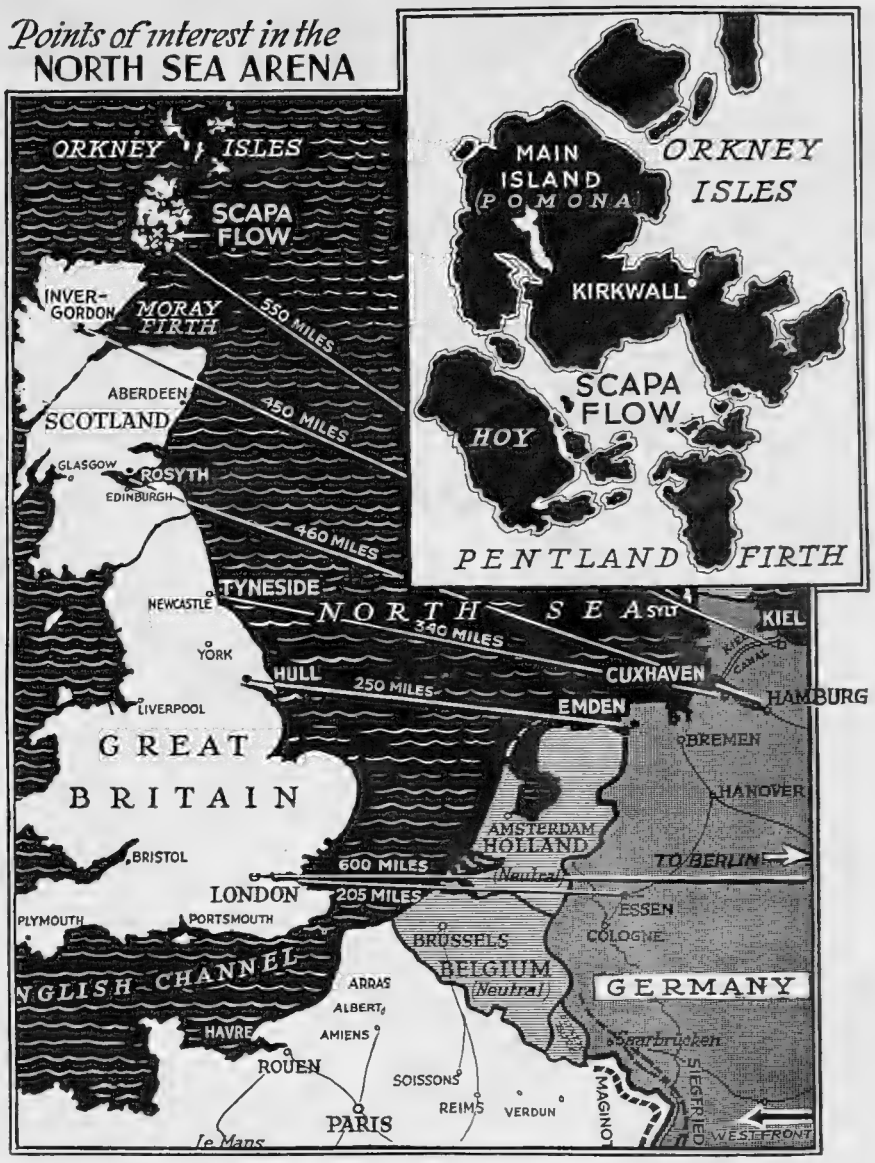
A SATISFACTORY COMPARISON BETWEEN 1914 AND 1939: A DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF THE WESTERN FRONT AT THE END OF THE FIRST MONTH

At the beginning of September, 1914, Germany had pushed down through Belgium, past Namur and Liége into Northern France and had threatened Paris itself. The thrust was rapid but was arrested at the Marne, a river which was to grow famous in the annals of war

RECORDED BY MAP AND DIAGRAM

THE TOWERING CLIFFS OF THE SOUTHERN ISLES OF THE ORKNEYS

The cliffs to the south-west rise in this spectacular fashion, but the shore to the east runs down to low hills, making access easy for small steamers



THE BIG NATURAL LAND-LOCKED LAKE KNOWN AS SCAPA FLOW

The enclosed water which since 1912 has been the recognised war harbourage of the British Fleet is full of tidal races and is shallow between the various islands to left and right. The lower portion of this map shows Scapa Flow in relation to Scotland and the German coast. The distances across the North Sea from various points in Germany are indicated; from the Kiel Canal area to Scapa is approximately 550 miles

Drawing by Percy Home

WHERE THE TWO GERMAN AIRMEN CAME ASHORE IN A RUBBER BOAT AFTER THE WRECK OF THEIR PLANE

This view of Sandsend Bay, Yorkshire, is taken looking northward, showing on the left the high cliff which is penetrated by the railway tunnel, just out of the picture on the extreme left. The two men clambered up 200 ft. of cliff and reached the tunnel entrance. They were very exhausted, having been at sea for nearly 48 hours

WHERE THE TIDES RACE AND THE WINDS BLOW

A typical piece of Orkney seascape and landscape when the clouds are moving rapidly in from the west. At periods of the year the islands are swept with the fiercest gales

THE KITCHENER MEMORIAL TOWER ON THE ORKNEYS

This lonely square tower was erected to commemorate the death of Lord Kitchener, in H.M.S. *Hampshire*, blown up by a mine en route to Russia during the last war

BURNED DURING THE GERMAN ADVANCE: THE MUCH ESTEEMED CHURCH OF JASNO GORA

THE MOST SACRED OBJECT IN OLD POLAND

DURING the over-running of Poland by the Germans, brief telegraphic messages reported the attack by the Nazi troops upon Czestochowa, and the consternation which it caused the Poles. It was no mere ordinary town which was lost and, according to report, destroyed by fire, but one which was deeply engraved in Polish history and revered by the whole country. Among its many beautiful old churches and monasteries, there was the famous monastery of Jasno Gora ("mountain of light") enshrining the miraculous picture of the Virgin, to which pilgrimages were made from all parts of Europe. More than a million pilgrims visited Czestochowa every year to pray before the marvellous picture. Tradition asserts that this picture, painted on cypress wood, is from the brush of St. Luke the Evangelist. It certainly is of Byzantine origin.

The dark-faced Virgin of Czestochowa, the most revered religious emblem in all Poland, which was in the burned church at the time of the German advance

All Polish kings used to visit the monastery to pray to the Virgin before starting out for battle. Built round a courtyard with six turrets, Jasno Gora contained a library in which were preserved priceless manuscripts; a treasury filled with costly offerings and holy relics; a refectory; the Hall of the Knights; and a great number of guest rooms. The most important pilgrimages took place on August 15—the Feast of the Ascension of Our Blessed Lady; September 8—the Day of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin; and July 16—the Feast of Our Lady of the Scapula.

To the Poles the loss of this great centre of religious life cut deeply, and the knowledge that it is now in the hands of the Nazi forces, lacking in Christian sentiment, adds to their cup of woe. Throughout the centuries the Poles have been sincerely religious, finding in their darkest days comfort in their faith, possessed with a confidence that they could leave the future of their country to God.

In the early centuries of Christianity, Poland had received the light of Latin learning and the advantages of Western civilisation from the hands of Benedictine, Eremite, and Cistercian monks from the monasteries of Liége, Cluny, and Monte Casino. It was through Poland that Christianity spread northwards and eastwards when King Boleshard the Brave sent Bishop Adalbert to convert the heathen Prussians. By accepting Latin Christianity the Poles became drawn to the west, while their neighbours, the Russians, by adopting the Greek form of Christianity, have looked to Byzantine culture and the east.

Interior of the burned church of Jasno Gora showing the gilded screen before the Sanctuary

The World of Books—Reviewed by Vernon Fane

THE CASE OF DOROTHY PARKER

Robert Flaherty's Canadian Effort—Pamela Hinkson's Irish Study—and C. V. R. Thompson's American Adventure

THERE is one grave defect about Miss Dorothy Parker's work—there is not enough of it. One has to sustain oneself sometimes for two years at a time, with the memory of her wit and brilliance, and with no new story, at least no new published story, to buoy one up. From time to time, it is true, a friend from New York will report on her. "Have you heard what Dorothy Parker said about the so-and-so?" they will ask in the confident voice of one who is about to score a bull's-eye and knows it. "But has she," we press them, having duly appreciated the inimitable, and usually deadly line, "has she written anything lately?"

And generally she hasn't, or it has been in Hollywood and for films, or for an American magazine which we haven't had a chance of seeing. But quite often the answer is that she simply hasn't written anything new for months, and so very slowly I am being forced to the odious conclusion that Miss Parker does not really enjoy writing. Perhaps it is that, or perhaps she does not relish the manual labour of putting her thoughts on paper, but whatever it is, it results in very little output for her readers to enjoy. One consolation, naturally, remains. What there is, is very nearly perfect, and most of it has just been published in one volume which includes all her best short stories, though none of her verse. One of the shortest of those verses, though, I must recall, since although it seems to give the lie to everything that I have written above, it holds so much of the typical savour.

"If, with the literate, I am
Impelled to try an epigram,
I never seek to take the credit;
We all assume that Oscar said it."

Of the short stories in **HERE LIES** (Longmans. 7s. 6d.), and there are twenty-four of them, which even I will admit is good measure, my choice will always be for "Horsie," the poignant tale of a plain nurse, quartered for a month in a gay, luxurious house, with an exquisite young mother and her first baby. And if you think that from that you can guess the trend of the story then, with all respect, you are quite wrong.

One story, "Soldiers of the Republic," is in a class quite by itself, with none of the ironic humour or the biting wit that informs so many of the others. It was written a year or two ago, during the Spanish civil war, and it is one of the most moving and at the same time most acute pieces of observation that has ever been put into words. As I re-read it I was reminded of another distinguished American who said of Miss Parker's work that to say she wrote well would be "as fatuous as proclaiming that Benvenuto Cellini was clever with his hands." And with that opinion I am utterly in accord.

Mr. Robert Flaherty's name has been connected so far only with the titles of two or three of the best films ever made by an English company. *Man of Aran* is probably the best known of these for it announced a new era in picture making and was, from its first showing, quite evidently the product of an original and poetic mind. Originality being at a premium in the film world of any country, Mr. Flaherty obviously had his career mapped out for him from the moment the film was screened, but he managed to side-step for a little while, long enough at any rate to take a look at the world of fiction and to decide that there was room in it for at least one more book.

WHITE MASTER (Routledge. 7s. 6d.) is the book that Mr. Flaherty has written for that space and it is well worthy of its *lebensraum*. It is an adventure story of Labrador in the days when that name included the vast tracts of land lying east of Hudson Bay, and when the Hudson Bay Company and its fur trade existed like an autocracy, with dictators as ruthless as their European counterparts to-day. That, at least, is Mr. Flaherty's story, and very picturesquely he sticks to it.

When I say that this is a book which should find its way on to the shelves of every young boy's room in the next twelve months I am not implying anything childish about it, but rather that it has the simplicity and force of narrative that belong by right to all those writers whom youth has chosen for its own classics.

The hero of the story is an eager young Englishman coming out to join the Company, full of enthusiasm for his new life. Unfortunately, within a few weeks he falls foul of the chief factor, a tyrannical and drunken man, who exacts ten years of the most bitter penance for the wrong he believes himself to have suffered. During those ten years young Kendall is sent to the most desolate outposts with only one companion, a fine old half-breed trapper, and suffers agonies from exposure, from constant underfeeding and from the inaction which drives him almost to mania.

Finally he returns to the factor's headquarters and attempts to kill him, but this fails and the old man drops dead from a heart attack as the bullet goes wide. Young Kendall is left to begin a new life in the North which he still loves, with no crime on his conscience and the girl who has waited ten years for him as his wife.

The most commendable parts of Mr. Flaherty's book are in every case those most closely concerned with adventure. His hand is not so sure when he has the "love interest" to deal with, and the incident of the factor and the half-breed girl is almost too lightly sketched in to make it a credible motive for a ten years' vengeance. But when he is writing of the Indians and the immense country they travel, and of the Eskimos and their fishing, and their extraordinary endurance, then he is unbeatable and a fine descendant of Marryat and Seton Merriman.

There are many ways for people who love Ireland to write about it: there is Yeats' way, and Lord Dunsany's way, and Kate O'Brien's way, and the matchless way of Somerville and Ross. And there is the way, I am coming to think, of Miss Pamela Hinkson. Miss Hinkson's way is to wander, very agreeably and unfailingly finding new treasures to disclose and discuss, but still to wander, so that for those who have views on the merits of conciseness and logical sequences and clarity, Miss Hinkson may, just possibly, not be the chosen author. But then, such people are very unlikely to be reading about Ireland in the first place, so that it is no great matter.

IRISH GOLD (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is as difficult to place in a category as it is to read. Vaguely speaking, it is a book about Irish country life, and Irish country people. And, I might add, Irish horses, to which the writer gives due importance. "So many Irish memories," she writes, "are associated with horses and with that life of which the horse is centre. A point-to-point, a race in which someone rode, the green and gold course of Punchestown, framed in the blue Wicklow hills. The Horse Show on a day when the sun shone, and two people now old were young . . . that sound of a tired horse coming into a yard at twilight, or later perhaps under a winter moon. The sound . . . of a rider getting down stiffly—standing for a few minutes talking as one talks in stable yards at evening . . . ."

A page later and Miss Hinkson is off on the respective merits of English and Irish stables: another page or two and she has arrived, via the question of summer riding it is true, at a dissertation on "the agonies and ecstasies and generous and reckless folly of passionate love." There is no more considered connection between one subject and another than there would be in the course of a long evening's friendly talk. The wonder is, not that the author digresses, but that she returns as she does to the tireless subject of the lovely Irish countryside.

This is an enchanting book for those who do not insist on taking their information in tabloid doses, and you will be well rewarded for tagging along after the tireless Miss Hinkson.

Six years ago a very ordinary, very shy young Englishman (I have his own words for it) was suddenly translated from Fleet Street to New York. Having been an assistant news editor he was to become American correspondent to a paper with a very comfortable daily sale over the two million mark. If two million people buy a newspaper, then at least four, possibly five, million read it. So many millions of people to be waiting for what young Mr. C. V. R. Thompson had to tell them about the America that was just as strange to him as to them.

It was, at first, a terrifying, even if an exhilarating prospect, particularly if one remembers that Mr. Thompson was shy, for the United States to which he had been sent was not, it appeared, very sympathetic to the shy, and that might be an added obstacle to his discovering any news which, as a famous New York colleague had it, was fit to print.

Mr. Thompson, however, came, saw and was very soon conquered. He began to appreciate New York, like its inhabitants, and even fall in love. Now, with the dignity of six years' experience he writes about it all in the short, crackling, colourful style that has made the D--ly Expr-ss news reports what they are!

I LOST MY ENGLISH ACCENT (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 10s. 6d.) is a cheery kind of book written by a good reporter about the inside and outside of some of the biggest news stories that he covered during his life in New York, up to the end of the Royal Tour this summer. It is, naturally, very readable, and, naturally again, not in the least profound. It is amusing and superficial and not in any sense "a revealing picture of modern America" as the publishers claim for it, and it will probably entertain you a good deal.

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FLOODS IN THE HOME COUNTIES

Large areas of Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire have been swamped as the result of the recent torrential rains. The Grand Union Canal has burst its banks, isolating villages and making roads impassable. So great was the onrush of flood water that the almost new Haversham Bridge, on the main Stony Stratford—Newport Pagnell road, has been partly swept away

FOR THE LAND ARMY

With the "Grow More Food" campaign at its height, agricultural tractors are now being turned out in large numbers at a well-known motor car works, where they are loaded on to railway trucks ready for dispatch to all parts of the country. The long double line of completed tractors shown above is evidence of the enormous output of these machines

FROM FAIRWAY TO PATHWAY

Special Constable Alfred Padgham, the well-known professional golfer, seen using a hand microphone when controlling pedestrians at a crossing at Bromley (Kent). Quite a number of British sportsmen and athletes are doing National Service work

PETROL RATIONING SIDELIGHT

When the last coupon has been used, and there are several days to go before the next batch becomes valid, your chauffeur can still convey you to your office—provided you do your share of the pedalling

THE PETROL WORLD

MINISTERIAL MUDDLERS WHO CATER FOR THE MOTORIST

Why should the Ministry of Mines, with its Obviously Limited Knowledge of Transport Requirements, be in Charge of the Petrol Rationing Scheme?

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

WE have now just completed the first month of petrol rations, and it appears to me that the position is becoming more chaotic rather than more efficient. The whole trouble is probably due to the scheme being handled by the Ministry of Mines, and why they of all people should be selected to control the whole road transport system of the country is difficult to ascertain. After all, we should expect a big enough muddle if the Ministry of Transport were the controlling authorities, so when everything is in almost complete chaos under the present arrangement I do not think we need be surprised.

The present position amounts to the Ministry of Mines saying to the Ministry of Transport "there will not be any road transport for you to look after unless we see fit to allow a few vehicles to go out on the road now and again." No doubt the scheme of petrol rationing which was worked out before the war commenced was quite good but it has fallen down miserably because the administration is inefficient.

In 1926, when the general strike in this country took place, the officials in the Ministry of Transport did not know the difference between an Austin "Seven" and a Rolls-Royce. What hope, therefore, of the Ministry of Mines knowing whether a five-ton lorry uses more petrol than a mowing machine.

We all have our normal ration books, one for the month just expiring and another for the following month. It must be remembered that any coupons left unused in the first book cannot be used in the second month. On the cover of the ration book it states that the book must be surrendered with any unused coupons when application is made for a subsequent book. If this is not done we are told that a new book will not be forthcoming. I am unable to find out whether the cover of the book must be retained even if all the coupons are used. I think, however, that it would be advisable to hold on to the exhausted book and produce it when fresh application is made towards the end of the second month.

The muddle over the issue of supplementary rations has been cleared up partially in one respect. What worried us all when we first received a supplementary ration book was whether the coupons made up one month's or two months' supplies. Now we are officially informed that some of the books contain coupons for one month only and others a supply for two months. This is another example of muddle. I wonder why a motorist who is carrying out just an ordinary office job and travels up from his home to London every day is given a supplementary ration book and gets exactly the same amount of extra petrol that a friend of mine receives although the latter is employed on what practically amounts to Government work? The first-mentioned motorist lives quite close to a railway station and could easily do the journey by train each day.

A lady correspondent of mine writes to tell me that her husband's health is such that motoring is almost essential for him. The gentleman in question has attained the ripe old age of 86 and, although the application to the petroleum inspector was accompanied by a doctor's certificate, no supplementary ration was allowed. The inspector, in refusing the application, stated that the reason given was not sufficient to justify an additional supply. Another interesting fact about the supplementary coupons is that in every case I know the applicant has been given twice the number of units that are issued in the normal ration book, irrespective altogether as to the distance he has to travel or the importance of the work on which he is engaged. To me, an applicant for a supplementary supply should be definitely turned down or else given sufficient petrol to enable him to carry out the journeys which the issue of supplementary coupons apparently approves.

Many people say that any rationing scheme at the moment is quite unnecessary because all the tank storage in this country is full to the brim and that vessels are lying about our ports heavily laden with the precious fluid and are unable to discharge their cargo because there is no room on shore. If this is the case private owners should be encouraged to construct safe places of storage on their private property, although I imagine there are quite a number of garages scattered throughout the country, some of whose ordinary tanks now empty would accommodate millions of gallons.

I have not yet come across any garage which has taken the slightest trouble to check up the registration number on the car with that written on the ration book and I have even been told of petrol filling stations who offer to supply twice the number of gallons covered by the coupons offered.

The Government should recognise that motor transport is essential to the life of the nation and that any interference such as that taking place at the moment will have dire results on our trade and later on on the revenue which comes in to the Exchequer.

I have seen one or two motorists driving along the road with the new type of headlamp mask fitted to the nearside light. For some unknown reason the authorities have altered their minds, for originally it was this lamp that was permitted to be used but now the one on the offside has been selected. Why this should be the case only a non-motoring civil servant can tell. Apparently, when the new mask is fitted it is not necessary to black out the reflector or any part of it and so immediately there arises the problem of removing the black which has previously been applied. The reflectors on headlamps are very highly polished and in consequence are easily scratched and damaged.

There are far too many motorists driving round in the black-out with the headlamp and sidelamp not properly treated. It is doubtful whether the driver of the vehicle gains any advantage but it is quite certain that lamps not properly treated create a definite dazzle for oncoming drivers. I have come across two cars which were used as ambulances and they had a red cross painted on their off-side headlamp. The dazzle produced thereby was most disconcerting and if this arrangement has the blessing of the authorities the sooner it is altered the better.

I am afraid that a large number of car owners will definitely regret having been over-generous in applying the white paint to the wings and bodywork, for when it comes to be removed they will find that definite damage has resulted to the original paintwork underneath. After all, we were only requested officially to paint our bumpers, front and rear, and the edges of the running boards.

It is only when bumpers are not carried that some other parts of the front and rear of the car should be treated with white paint. I am not suggesting that the over-generous treatment to which I allude does not help other road users during the black-out hours but it is not essential and will definitely cost a considerable amount of money to obliterate and to renovate the car so that it is at least as sightly after the war as it was before.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This Society has the fine record of having helped, during its ninety-six years' work, 34,537 British boys from all parts of the United Kingdom. Each child has been given an individual chance, and the qualities of the child have been brought out rather than aiming at quantities admitted. Hence the numerous successes which have resulted from the care given to each. At the present time, the Society is greatly needing additional funds to provide for the 1,165 children under its care, as A.R.P. provision has entailed great expense. Will you send a gift to help this deserving work? All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

ROLLS-ROYCE

Rolls-Royce Limited wish to state that, at the request of the Government, they have TEMPORARILY ceased to manufacture motor car chassis.

This has enabled the whole of their manufacturing resources to be devoted to Government work.

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POPPY DAY IN WAR TIME

For 18 years British people have given freely to Lord Haig's Poppy Day Appeal. Their generosity has built up the World's finest beneficent organisation for men who have served their Country in War. With the tragedy of War again forced on us, OUR NEEDS ARE GREATER. The men now serving, and those who will be serving in the anxious days ahead, are to share with their fathers of 1914/18 the benefits of all British Legion schemes of assistance.
POPPY DAY is of even greater importance in War time. It is unquestionably the finest medium through which you can help those who serve the Empire.

DONATIONS AND POPPY SELLERS

These are our urgent needs. Please send gifts and offers of help to your local Poppy Day Committee or to

HAIG'S FUND, CARDIGAN HOUSE, RICHMOND, SURREY

TWO GENERATIONS NEED YOUR HELP

PLEASE BE VERY GENEROUS

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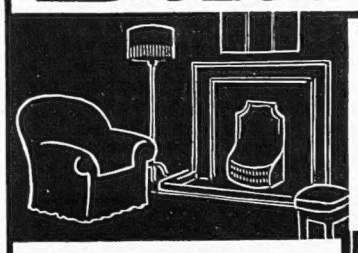

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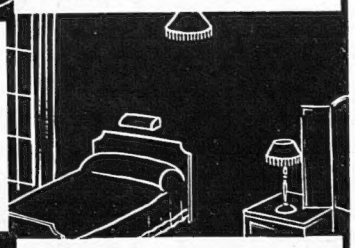

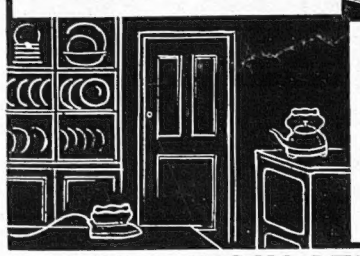

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Do you find you cannot eat a thing without pain and discomfort afterwards? That is because acid turns your food tough and you cannot digest it. 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets relieve the acidity at once and your stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease.

Your indigestion has vanished and need never return. Get a tin of Tablets now and prove this at your next meal.

Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

MILK OF MAGNESIA BRAND TABLETS

NEW HANDY TIN 6D.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Park your Family in safety at

HOTEL RIPOSO, BEXHILL

Even if *your* business is in London, you can send them easily by fast electric train.

Even if there's an air raid (very unlikely at Bexhill), the safest place is the seashore. HOTEL RIPOSO is almost at the water's edge. *Verb. sap.*

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BOURNEMOUTH

100 modernly furnished rooms. Bridge. Billiards. Specially equipped Air Raid Shelters.

PEACE IN THE FOREST

Forest ponies as placid as ever. Cattle browsing in our acres of meadowland. The sunlight playing daily on our lake. Fruit and garden produce awaiting your daily consumption. Come now.

BURLEY MANOR HOTEL

AT BURLEY HEART OF THE NEW FOREST

A beautifully equipped first-class hotel run on first-class lines by the new Resident Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dakin Markham. 'Phone Burley 70

FOR the dignity of the past and the improvements of modern times.

The Kings Hotel

Brighton

Specially reduced terms for long term residence.

HOLNE PARK HOTEL, ASHBURTON, S. DEVON

Come and fish, feast, and forget, at this first-class Country House Hotel, situated on perhaps the most beautiful stretch of the River Dart. Here indeed Nature dominates over thoughts of war. Let us send you our Brochure.

Winter Terms from **3½ Gns.**

PRIORY HOTEL, EXETER ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH

In sunny, sheltered position, **midway between Square and Pier,** offers quiet dignified comfort to Winter Visitors. Three lounges with coal fires and radiators. Cheery dining-room. Good food and service. Spotless cleanliness. All bedrooms hot and cold water, gas fires, steam radiators and excellent beds.

Terms from **4 gns.**

BEACON HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX

This fine Country House Hotel, now under the personal direction of Mr. A. Edward Davis (late of Grosvenor House, London), is now open for the reception of those visitors who are appreciative of a first-class hotel amongst lovely surroundings.

Terms from **5 gns.** a week.

WOODSIDE HOTEL, HAILSHAM, SUSSEX

Safety without Solitude! For we are only 6 miles from Eastbourne, and lie in 6½ acres of grounds off the London—Eastbourne road. We have all modern conveniences such as central heating and H. and C.: and as we are a Country Club as well, there is always congenial company.

Terms from **3½ gns.**

DUDLEY HOTEL, HOVE, SUSSEX

Just off the front and within a few paces of the Hove lawns, this first-class hotel will appeal to those who are appreciative of a high standard of comfort, cuisine, and service. Completely modernised and re-furnished, and under the personal direction of Mr. F. Kung (Swiss).

Terms from **5½ Gns.**

BOSCARN HOTEL, LOOE, SOUTH CORNWALL

Safety, Sands and Sunshine. Here is a perfect place for your family, far from the madding War. Here they can enjoy contentment of mind, beauty of environment and Cornish produce fresh from local farms. A first-class hotel on the water's edge. Special terms for children.

From **4 gns.** per week.

MANOR HOUSE HOTEL, MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, NORFOLK

Each year, many who appreciate good food, good wines and good service, winter with us. They are also appreciative of the joys of central heating and good fires, should the weather turn cold. Yet, on the whole, we enjoy a wonderful climate, and there are few days when one cannot be out on the 18-hole golf course.

Weekly Terms from **3½ gns.** Month or longer

MOOR HALL HOTEL, NINFIELD, Near BEXHILL

A safe and sunny spot, self-contained (11 acres) and self-supporting—even to growing our own bacon. Horses to ride, tennis courts to play on, rabbits to shoot. Such is an indication of life at "the hotel with a country house atmosphere." Resident Props.: Mr. & Mrs. Eric Johnson. Tel. Ninfield 30.

Terms from **3 gns.**

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE, CORNWALL

Winter Wisely! Here, on the sea front, facing South and overlooking Mount's Bay and St. Michael's Mount, is an hotel which for years has been to many a winter home. 100 bedrooms. Modern bathrooms. Lift. Our telegraphic address is "Seaward," and our watchword "Comfort."

Terms from **3 gns.**

THE GRANVILLE HOTEL, ST. MARGARET'S BAY, KENT

A Winter Sun-trap, sheltered from the North, in a peaceful reception area, and surrounded by good golf courses, this modernly equipped and long established hotel has always appealed to those people of good taste who seek relaxation from the travails of every-day life.

Terms from **4 Gns.**

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA, SUSSEX

An hotel of dignity and solidity, built to withstand the onslaughts of weather . . . and even war. A favourite hotel to winter in. A sun-trap, and a sanctuary for all who appreciate that blessed feeling of . . . peace.

Terms from **5 gns.** inc.

BEAUFORT HOTEL, TINTERN, WYE VALLEY

The famous Abbey faces us. The loveliness of the Wye Valley surrounds us. To stay with us is to remain, for here good fires, good cooking and good service make the perfect alliance.

Terms **5 gns.** inclusive

In Quest of

"Misfits" Amongst Hote

More Queries

IN time of war our daily life is a matter of weekly adjustment. At times it seems like walking in a maze, for whichever way we turn we are faced with that necessary war-time word, restriction. Have you ever thought how much more simpler life becomes for those who are able in war-time to live in hotels—and I use the word comprehensively to cover the smallest well-run guest house. They do not have to concern themselves about blacking-out, air-raid precautions, rationing of food and fuel, staff, or even transport. The hotel proprietors relieve them of all that, and consequently many a furrow caused by worry can be smoothed out provided one selects the right hotel to suit individual requirements and taste.

There is no earthly reason why there should be misfits in hotels, and yet often I come across them. The type of person who pounces on a particular chair and airs his grievances regarding the abominating way the hotel he is staying at is run. Why such misfits stay on and why hotel proprietors are so longsuffering and allow themselves to be daily slandered has always been a mystery to me.

But there are, additional to this vicious breed of mischief-makers, genuine misfits. Those, perhaps, who have had to leave their favourite hotel because it has been "taken over" and have not as yet found its counterpart somewhere else. There are others who are not settled for reasons such as climate or food. Such genuine misfits I am glad and very willing to help. I am constantly finding the right hotels to suit the right people and vice versa, and provided I am given sufficient information to work on it is but rare that I am the cause of creating a misfit myself!

As a sort of liaison officer between the hotels and the public there is another subject on which I would welcome correspondence. What do you propose doing about Christmas this year? In normal times many an hotel has by this date issued its Christmas programme—and would have been full up.

This year hotels are holding back, waiting a move from the public, as it would be useless to engage bands and other entertainment until they knew what the public were wanting. Even those hotels who go in for an old-fashioned Christmas are staying their hand about ordering the turkey and mixing the plum pudding until they know what you propose to do.

Nothing has ever yet destroyed the spirit of Christmas and even if there are times when sadness predominates the Christmas spirit will yet prevail. So do not hesitate to write to me about Christmas if I can help you.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

L. B., Victoria, S.W.1.—The country house hotels in Sussex are doing well just now, because they are pleasantly situated so far as ease for getting to

SELSDON PARK HOTEL

SANDERSTEAD - - - SURREY

'Phone: Sanderstead 2011

Unique for War time residence or rest

Over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills, yet only half an hour from the heart of London.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,430 yards)

Illustrated brochure free on request.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. REMOTE FROM OTHER BUILDINGS, IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES, IN A NEUTRAL AREA. Adequate subterranean gas-proof air raid shelter, protected by four reinforced concrete floors. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Over 150 rooms, the majority with private bathroom. Moderate inclusive terms.

On outbreak of hostilities we reduced terms 20% to 25%. No increase has been made in these terms and there is no avoidable alteration in standard.

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

Telephone: Paddington 4452 (3 lines)

Dorset Square, off Baker Street, N.W.1

An Hotel of unusual charm where both staff and the resident proprietors contrive to make you feel very much at home . . . even in war time. All poultry, eggs and butter still come daily from Cornish farms. Every bedroom is perfectly appointed even to a private telephone. Fully equipped gas and air raid shelter

UNDER SAME DIRECTION, BOSCARN HOTEL LOOE

AND *NOW*, Mr. Business-Man!

If you must stay within reach of Town during the war, why not make your base at

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD

Frequent electric trains reach London in half an hour. A most comfortable, quiet hotel, a lovely garden, excellent tennis courts. Telephone: 2271

AND HERE IS PEACE . . . in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, an hospitable hotel for residence during the dark days of winter and war. London under an hour by train. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

THE SPA HOTEL ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

First-class in comfort, cooking and service. 85 rooms and suites.

Write to S. Hancock, Director, for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace."

Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911

A Bathroom to every Bedroom . . .

How many country hotels can boast such an amenity? It is just an example of what you may expect of life at

GROVE HALL HOTEL TWYFORD - BERKS -

A delightful country house, surrounded by flower gardens and a park: 34 miles from London by road, 37 minutes by train. Here you will find pleasant company in congenial surroundings at moderate prices. Tennis, Squash and Golf (Sonning 18-hole course). Telephone: Twyford 106.

Inclusive terms from 4 gns.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Residents; and Some Answered

London and the sea is concerned, and in practically every case are very easily reached by rail. There is still some room available at the following hotels I am personally acquainted with :—

The Woodside Hotel, Hailsham.—This lies just outside a town off the main London-Eastbourne road and is only six and a half miles from the latter town. There is a country club run in connection with it, and the winter terms there from 3½ guineas represent very good value.

Another small hotel to which I can apply the term "sweet and picturesque" is the Clematis Cottage Hotel, Washington, 7¼ miles from Worthing. The term "hotel" is rather a misnomer here, because besides Clematis Cottage there are two adjoining ones contained within the one garden wall. Clematis Cottage has always had a good name, but has not, until new proprietors came along, been open all the year round. The terms run from 4 guineas a week.

C. K., Chelsea.—Nothing is more unlikely than that there should be an air-raid at Mundesley-on-Sea. It is unfortunate indeed that a certain section of the public should take alarm because they see headlines and posters saying "Air-raid Warning on East Coast." If they would analyse facts they would find that such raids, possible or actual, are confined to industrial areas and places of military importance. Mundesley-on-Sea is of no importance to anyone except those who have learnt to appreciate that the Manor House Hotel there is one of the pleasantest places to winter in in the British Isles and I have no hesitation in recommending it to you.

B. L. M., Weybridge.—There are many others besides yourself who bemoan the fact that most of the principal hotels in the British spas have been taken over for war service, but as you emphasise the fact that a really comfortable hotel to winter in is more important to you than spa treatment, there are alternatives I can suggest where spa treatment is also obtainable. The Royal Victoria Hotel at St. Leonards is a really first-class hotel, very comfortable and very well run; and at the medical baths at Hastings where there is a very wide range of treatment, you should more than satisfy your needs.

Another suggestion in this respect is Torquay. Medical baths and treatment are arranged by the corporation and there are plenty of good hotels to choose from. Sidmouth has a small bath establishment and there are very good facilities, as well as at Tunbridge Wells.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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THERE'S PEACE, WARMTH, AND COMFORT
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Central heating and modern appointments. Many bedrooms with private bath. First-class cuisine. Inclusive terms from 4 guineas.
WRITE FOR BROCHURE

A Perfect Haven of Refuge in Ideal Surroundings.
One of the few leading hotels still catering exclusively for visitors
PARK HALL
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COVERED VERANDAH
FACING DUE SOUTH
VITA-GLASS SUN LOUNGE
SUPERB SEA VIEWS
3 ACRES GROUNDS
Moderate terms include FREE GOLF (18 holes), Tennis, Squash, Badminton, Billiards and Bridge. Refurnished and redecorated throughout. Miss R. Ross, Mgrss.
'Phone Torquay 3434

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Like a vintage wine, the Tollard Royal has weathered the years. It offers comfort, peace and security . . . always, and is distinct from a thousand others in Bournemouth by three characteristic points :
Its position on the more fashionable West Cliff is the finest in the town.
It has a licensed and fully-equipped Bridge Club.
Its Solarium, with the patented Rosenburg ultra violet rays, provides sunbathing 24 hours a day.
TOLLARD ROYAL HOTEL BOURNEMOUTH
Terms and details from Miss P. E. WOOLCOCK

PINE-SCENTED AIR—quiet gardens and the peace of the country. Golf on a sporting moorland course. All-weather tennis. London within reach. Real comfort, real cooking . . . and real rest. Lift. Central Heating in every bedroom and bathroom.
Proprietor : MR. G. EGLINGTON ADAMS.
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CROWBOROUGH **SUSSEX**
Fully licensed. Accommodation available from Sept. 15th at 5 gns. weekly. *Tel. 394*

Is there a war on? It's difficult in this peaceful spot to realise it. The flags of our private Golf Course flutter in the Autumn breeze. Not a sound at night except perhaps that of an owl on night patrol. A perfect spot for your loved ones to reside in during the trying days ahead.
ELFORDLEIGH HOTEL
Near PLYMPTON **SOUTH DEVON**
Under the personal direction of the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. T. Barrow Dowling.
TERMS FROM 3½ TO 5 GNS. TELEPHONE: PLYMPTON 221411

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ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL
JERSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS
Your telegraphic address would be "Sheltered, Jersey." Your daily aspect "Sunny." Your private life "Serene." There are a number every year who "winter" at St. Brelade's Bay, economically, pleasurably, and profitably to their health. Come and swell the number this year and feel . . . at peace. Telephone I St. Aubin, or write to B. COLLEY, for details of accommodation still available.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Ashburton (S. Devon).—Holne Park Hotel.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Wellstown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Priory Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The Kings Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Burley (New Forest).—Burley Manor Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel.330
Crowborough (Sussex).—Beacon Hotel.
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel.
Harrogate.—Prospect Htl.**** R.A.C. Tel. 3015.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Mundesley-on-Sea (Norfolk).—Manor Hse. Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ninfield (nr. Bexhill).—Moor Hall Hotel. Tel. 30
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Paignton.—Ravenswood, Cliff Road.
Penzance (Cornwall).—Queen's Hotel.
Plympton (S. Devon).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
St. Leonard's-on-Sea.—Royal Victoria Hotel.
St. Margaret's Bay (Kent).—The Granville Htl.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Tintern.—Beaufort Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.
Weymouth.—Royal Hetol. Tels. 627 & 628.

ENGLAND—*continued*

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Dorset Square Hotel, Dorset Square, N.W.1.
Fairview Hotel, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM 1445
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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